





Chapter 1 - Earl root misfortune

She didn't have a name. That's why Edgar made a name for her.

She said a cheeky thing like she wanted to be called by a name of the woman he wasn't able to forget.

He called her Jean, and she looked so thrilled.

They had escaped from the man who had made slaves out of so many innocent boys and girls. She was a member of Edgar's team fighting against Prince.

"Our little black diamond," whispered Edgar as he looked down at a poorly made coffin.

The sound of the midnight clock bell rang out over the graveyard behind the church located in the corner of London.

"Is the legendary black diamond really in a coffin like this?"

The ones that Edgar gathered tonight, beside his most trusted subordinates Raven and Ermine, were the members of the secret organization 'Scarlet Moon.'

The man named Prince who kept Edgar as his slave, had made his claim in the underground society of America.

The members of the Scarlet Moon had bitter hatred towards Prince. That's why Edgar decided to join hands with them.

The one who just spoke was the one of the leading members, Slade. With him at the lead, the Scarlet Moon members looked at their new leader Edgar as he stood near the coffin as they had the look of not knowing what in the world this man was thinking on their faces.

"The black diamond that Prince had finally gotten after so much painstakingly hard work..... Lord Earl, I hear that you were able to retrieve when you escaped from his control."

The one who said that was Paul, another member of the 'Scarlet Moon' and a painter that Edgar was very acquainted with.

It was just as he said. But for me to steal this black diamond, it must have surely angered Prince extremely. In the end, all of Edgar's allies, except for Raven and Ermine, were all killed.

Or perhaps, was the reason that had happened because of the curse of the black diamond?

Because the diamond that disappeared from the hands of its original owner and transferred from one person to another was rumored to bring sorrow and misery to those who possess it.

"But, you had the diamond stored in a coffin? Everyone frowned when we heard you had placed an order to have a dead body sent to you from America."

"I did order a dead body."

"What?"

Taking off his top hat, Edgar bowed his head to the coffin.

His golden blond hair - which had the shine as bright as the moon - stood out in the night graveyard.

Jean said she liked Edgar's blond hair. During that time, when they had hidden themselves in the poor part of the city, she watched as Ermine was cutting his hair and claimed that she would be able to cut his hair much more handsomely than she could.

"Jean had gone through the act of killing herself so that the diamond wouldn't be taken by Prince. And she hid it so that I would be the only one to know where it was."

Raven carefully pulled out the bolts that were knocked into the coffin lid.

"When our hideout was ambushed by Prince, she was the only one keeping watch over our absence, and she died after she hid the diamond. I found her body and carried it to the church and just asked for her to be buried."

Of course, he didn't mention that she killed herself, and so the pastor had pitied the girl's death and promised him that he would place her in a grave in the corner of the graveyard.

And after Edgar had gotten accustomed to living in England, he was taking care of plans from quite some time ago to claim Jean's remains.

"Lord Edgar, there are marks that the lid has been opened."

"Which means, Earl, couldn't Prince have already gotten the diamond?"

At the time, Prince went looking for the black diamond by searching all of the places that Edgar might have hidden it including the graves of all of his comrade friends.

But, he knew that Jean's black diamond hadn't been taken. He was sure of it. Finally, the lid was lifted off.

"Beautiful jewels corrupt people's lives. Do you know about the Regent diamond? Long ago, the slaves in the iron mine had stolen and run off with the large diamonds that they found. They cut open the calf of their legs and put the stone in there to hide it. I had told that story to Jean before, and so I was able to tell immediately when I found her body."

And then Edgar came up with the idea that the safest way to hid the diamond would be to bury her like that.

"I found it," said Raven in a matter-of-fact tone.

The skeletonized body had no longer been serving the purpose of hiding the diamond.

It seemed like Prince had been too quick in uncovering her grave.

Edgar lowered himself down and gazed at the little girl inside the coffin.

"Thank you, Jean. And, good night. I won't have your sleep disturbed anymore." He placed the lily down that he had in his hand and stood up.

"Slade, can you restore this diamond back to the necklace of its original design?"

According to their records, it was an elaborate necklace that had small diamonds decorating around it. Going through the hands of so many, it has come to turn out as just the black diamond.

"If it is the artisan of the Scarlet Moon, then it is possible. However-"

Slade looked down at the coffin and spilled out like he couldn't contain his thoughts any longer.

"She's just a young child."

Jean had barely turned ten.

"Earl, if it is to go against Prince, are you thinking its right to sacrifice children?"

During that time, Raven and Ermine and even Edgar, were just children. But

even so, ten years old would be too young to lose one's life.

"You know that it's not like he wanted to sacrifice them if he could, don't you?" said Paul in Edgar's place.

"You say that, but the earl gives too much of a strong impression as a leader. He has the looks and way of speaking that catches everyone's eyes. To a pure young child, he can easily become an ideal hero. If it was for you, then they could do anything, they would even come to think that it was their duty. This girl could have been like that, and even now, there are ones in the 'Scarlet Moon,' a young boy who has become completely devoted to you."

Now that he recalled, Edgar remembered that there was a young boy who frequently made a visit to the earl house.

"Even in our Scarlet Moon organization, our young members are stirred up and ready to follow your orders. But, when we hear that all of your past comrade members had fought and died, then we elder members become worried if you might do something particularly reckless. Indeed we dreamed and waited for the Blue Knight Earl to appear back to England so that he could guide us, but for you who only inherited the earl's name, we don't know how far we should follow you."

"I don't mind if you don't believe in me, but if you don't follow what I say, then you won't be able to win against Prince."

He watched as the coffin lid was closed, and then Edgar put on his hat again.

"But, if you all don't plan to die for me, then that's fine as well. I too, don't want to go through with that style of fighting."

Slade might have felt the pain of Edgar just a little, and so he remained silent.

Dirt was thrown and mounded onto the top of the coffin.

So many of his friends had died, and only Edgar had survived.

When he would wonder the reason - just like Slade said -Edgar was made to feel a sort-of-destiny wrapped around himself.

Since he was born as a peer, he could have grown up aware that he was in a position that stood above others from a young age. But, more than that, it seems the people who gather around Edgar see their ideal 'leader' in him.

Perhaps because of his appearance, or maybe because of his personality, or the

cause could be because he subconsciously used the methods that Prince implanted in him which enabled him to manipulate other's minds.

However, from the moment Edgar made the determination to escape from Prince, if his friends needed a leader who made them feel at ease in following, then he thought to be their ideal.

But, the bond made from strong faith and loyalty to Edgar made his comrades choose death instead of running from battle.

Even though there wasn't that kind of worth in him at all.

But, Edgar was still fighting against Prince.

Even as he thought it was for the sake to heal the pain of those sacrificed, if he were to increase the numbers of sacrifices even more, then his actions might be contradictory. If he thought over what he should do, still like it was his destiny, he ended up being made to go on.

Because he felt he couldn't waste the diamond entrusted to him after it was protected by Jean in exchange with her life.



The tea party didn't have any formality to it compared to the gatherings held within the upper class of the peerage, so it was very easy to get used to for Lydia.

Even though Lydia felt that it wasn't easy for a middle-class girl like herself - who came out from the countryside of Scotland-to enter into the ring of conversation that was going on between this group of noblewomen.

To begin with, Lydia was the type who wasn't good at being around with people. She was great at being around with fairies, but the manners and etiquette for fairies and the upper-class were completely different.

Even if you said what you meant to fairies, they wouldn't care any less, but in order to get along with people, lying was justifiable. To begin with, society was filled with people who thought fairies were only characters out of children's books, and because of that, Lydia was thought of as a stubborn oddball.

Even so, Lydia came to this tea party attended only by women.

[&]quot;I haven't seen you-know-who recently."

[&]quot;I hear that she has eloped."

Lydia just happened to be sitting at a table that was gathered by young girls who were all the same age, but she had no idea who they were talking about. She couldn't keep up with the conversation at all.

"But, did you know, when she went to the house of her suitor, the wife of the house was already there before her!"

The hostess of the tea party was the Duchess, Lady Macefield. Out of all the upper-class nobles that Lydia was introduced to by Edgar, she was a senior noblewoman who treated Lydia the most kindly.

The Duchess believed in the existence of fairies, and was always excited to talk about fairies and the tales related to them with Lydia. She even acknowledged Lydia's ability to see fairies that normal people couldn't see and be able to communicate and become friends with them.

Lydia was the same age that the Duchess' grandchild would be, and felt dignified and esteemed to be called as the duchess' friend.

That's why she had received an invitation, and even though it was just a gathering of the duchess' most closely acquainted women, there were thirty of them and it was natural that Lydia wouldn't be allowed to converse with just the duchess.

They were at the Duke family's townhouse, on a terrace that was opened up to the outdoors and the family's spacious garden, and not paying much attention to the ladies' conversation about a rumor, Lydia put a large swab of cream on her scone.

"But, then I heard that she ran out and went back to her family's house."

"Being tricked by such a man, such a fallen woman will be seen as ruined."

"Oh, she probably won't be able to show her face in the peerage."

Since some time ago, there was a tiny fairy by a vase of lavenders who was peering over towards them with craving eyes. Lydia quietly placed her scone on the grass by her feet.

"Oh, Miss Carlton, what do you think?"

"Huh? A-about what?"

Suddenly thrown the ball of the conversation, Lydia straightened her posture. The tiny fairies came to gather around the scone and then started to carry it off

from under her chair. To the normal person's eye, it would appear like a scone with cream was wobbling its way across the grass, but the young women hadn't noticed.

"In regards to how a lady should court a man. It's naturally that one would have marriage in mind, but couldn't there be cases when a lady could be deceived with a man's promise by word of mouth?"

"....Yes."

"So, I guess that means its best to court a bachelor who is approved by the woman's parents," said one young woman.

"Oh, but, the head of Miss Carlton's household is a university professor. So is your father very strict? Wouldn't you have been told to be careful of men from the upper class?"

It was true that Lydia's father was a university professor, but he was completely different from the normal image of what a person in that field is supposedly like and lets her live freely. But, these young women probably didn't care about that part; they must want to know how a middle-class young woman would think about courting a noble.

It was common to hear about a man from a noble birth getting his hands on a naïve young woman and then throw her away, but even if they weren't able to commit the same improper act against a daughter from a well-to-do family, if their suitor was going to be a commoner, then it was well-heard story.

In this circle of young women, there was no one who looked down at Lydia who was introduced by the duchess as 'her very dear friend.' But still, that question must have been asked because they thought of her as just not cut from the same kind of cloth.

"Are you truly courting the Earl?"

"I.....I don't know who you mean by that," replied Lydia.

"Earl Ashenbert," she pointed out.

Lydia was the privately hired Fairy Doctor of the Earl, Edgar Ashenbert.

He was an extremely handsome young Earl, and on top of that, he was a man who carried the rare title of Earl of Ibrazel (the Fairyland) and was famous within the London upper class.

Presently, in the middle of the 19th century, a title was just a title, but it wasn't like everybody really believed that he was the lord of the Fairyland, but for the fairies who lived in England, the man who had that title was viewed in awe and respect as the descendant of the human who ruled the Fairyland which was located someplace in the end of the world and was all the fairies' birthplace.

To tell the truth, Edgar didn't have any blood of the Ashenbert family running in him and he doesn't know anything about fairies. And so, Lydia ended up being hired by him, but since the two of them spend their together quite a lot, people would misunderstand that they might be in a close relationship.

Previously, she was written in the gossip papers as the true love of the Earl.

That's why the ladies here must have wanted to verify the truth of the rumor they heard.

"Th-that's impossible, he's just my employer."

The atmosphere around them changed to relief. At that same time, Lydia felt a hint in the atmosphere like they were thinking: of course.

It wasn't like every single woman here had romantic feelings for Edgar, but they shared the same thought that they couldn't accept Lydia - who was sitting right in front of their eyes - as Edgar's lover.

She did have reddish-brown hair - that was described as a rust-iron colored - woven up simply, but her hairstyle wasn't prepared nicely like the young women here whose were lovely enough to attend a ball and she also had the experience of others being disturbed by her golden-green eyes and claimed that her eyes made her look like a witch.

Even Lydia wasn't convinced about it either.

There was no way that Edgar's proposal could be serious.

"But the Lord Earl is so kind and a wonderful conversationalist and so charming that it's difficult to find a flaw in him, but wouldn't you agree that he seems to be a man who can't be easily trusted?" asked one of the young woman in Lydia's circle.

Yes, yes, that's right, that man can't be trusted most of all.

"It does seem like he is equally kind to everyone. And when you talk with him, you begin to feel like he might be interested in you."

"He seems to be quite the rake."

"That's the thing. I heard a rumor that he owns a harem."

"Huh? A harem?"

Lydia couldn't stop herself from leaning out forward so that she wouldn't miss a word of what the young woman had said.

"I hear that in London, there are businesses that provide that kind of service. And that it's a place where men can have a mistress one after another and act like he is a Pagan King."

Lydia had heard so many bad rumors of Edgar that her ears could rot from them. Some of them were quite ridiculous but every single one of them was related to women, so she began to think that there could be a possibility of Edgar owning a harem.

"I don't know for certain, but a foreign princess who fell in love with the Earl had given up her family and fiancé to come to London. Since she was a Pagan, marriage between the Earl and her was impossible, but he didn't have the option of sending her back so the rumor is he's hiding her in his harem."

"Why couldn't he send her back?"

"Well, that would be impossible because he has touched her. In a Pagan country, they say a daughter who lost her virginity before marriage would be killed by her father."

I wonder if that's true. Christianity wasn't as strict as that but there wasn't any difference about how it would become a stain on a woman for the rest of her life.

But, if that were to be true, then Edgar was an extremely horrible man.

To touch a woman when she wasn't someone who could be fooled around with...

As Lydia thought that, she also thought she needed to be more careful, but became embarrassed of even imagining that kind of thought as blood rushed to her face.

"Even if she was a princess, there can be no way that the Earl would be serious about a foreign Pagan."

"What thoughtless behavior as a woman. She should have known better and

remember her place. Don't you think so, Miss Carlton?"

Since his and your classes are different, you would just be seduced but then played around with. If you become carried away at getting too much attention from the Earl, then you'll be put through misery - could have been what the young women really wanted to say, but Lydia was too distracted at the stimulating topic about a harem so that hidden message slipped by her completely.

"Miss Carlton, why don't you join me? It would be wonderful if you could spare some of your time with us elderly women," asked the Duchess.

The Duchess might have called out to Lydia because Lydia appeared like she was completely fitting in with the conversation at her table.

The soft-speaking elegant elder noblewoman was extremely openhearted and friendly and adorable as a young girl. When she spoke to someone, they would feel relaxed and forget that she was a member of the high-class.

Just as she was beckoned, Lydia stood up from her seat.

There were other heated conversations going on at other tables, but the Duchess led Lydia away from the terrace.

When she was guided to another room, there was a figure standing by the window and that person turned around to face her.

It was a young slender man who had striking golden-blond hair and was gazing at her with his ash mauve eyes and smiled happily.

It was just the person the young women were talking about.

Along with a dark green evening coat, he wore a violet-colored necktie. He had dressed himself in fine, high-quality clothes as he usually did, but dressing up for the night was apparently something the nobles would get fired up for.

There was nothing negative anyone could say about not only his looks but his clothing as well, but when she would unexpectedly meet him by coincidence like this outside, Lydia would lose the sense of feeling that she was being smiled at by him, and would turn around to see who it was he might be smiling at behind her.

"My Lydia, I missed you so much."

The 'my' part is unnecessary.

Still dragging the rumor about the foreign Pagan princess in the back of her mind, Lydia saw Edgar as a much more dangerous frivolous man than usual.

She knew that rumors tend to be false but she still felt disturbed.

Putting aside how Lydia was making an unpleasant face, Edgar took her hand and treated her like a respectable lady as usual. Before his greeting kiss could touch her fingertips, she rushed to pull back her hand.

He didn't seem bothered at all at Lydia's open attitude of displeasure.

"Edgar, why on earth are you here! This is a gathering for women to have tea together."

"I came to pick you up. And besides, I wanted to meet the Duchess and get her reply in regards to what I asked her help with. If she agrees to lend us her hand happily, you need to make sure and thank her yourself as well."

Lydia had a bad feeling.

"Thanks as in..."

"She is agreeing that she would lend us her help so that we can officially get engaged."

Edgar would always try to build a wall around Lydia first so that she didn't have a way out and then tried to make her do as he wanted.

Lydia had no intention of going along with his plan of 'engagement' which he tricked her into, and even he knew that, he still continued with the plan.

"Wait, Edgar, stop joking around!"

"Now, now, calm down, Miss Carlton. Let's have a seat as we discuss this," suggested the Duchess.

When the Duchess would say something like that, Lydia couldn't allow herself to become emotional.

They all sat down around a table and within no time, a maid came in with the tea.

Like they were continuing on with the tea party, the Duchess pleasantly smiled as she gazed at Edgar and Lydia and opened her mouth in a slightly humorous tone.



"You really don't have the ring on your finger. Are you still putting the reply of the earl's proposal on hold?" asked the Duchess.

"Huh, uh, that's....but-" mumbled Lydia.

"I heard from the Earl. That he isn't able to get a good reply from you at the moment, and although he did present you with an engagement ring, you don't any signs of wearing it."

Lydia knew that this skirt-chaser wasn't really serious about her. In order for him to remain Earl, he needed Lydia's ability as a Fairy Doctor, and so his ulterior motive was to marry her so that he could keep her by his side for the rest of their lives.

He surely couldn't be satisfied with just one woman, and so there was no possibility that he would choose a marriage partner based just on feelings of love.

Because Lydia believed in that, she was withstanding Edgar who was always trying to use any opportunity to treat her as his fiancée, and was feeling anger and fear at what he could have possibly said to the Duchess as she glared at him while he sat cool and composed.

Oh, no, could he have come up with something so I wouldn't be able to refuse marrying him....

"I know your feelings are the most important factor, so please forgive me for putting myself in-between the two of you. But, he was seriously thinking about you and came to ask for my help. He says he was serious when he proposed to you and he has no intentions to dishonor you. So, he is asking if I could be a witness of that."

At such an unexpected explanation, Lydia lifted her head up.

".....A witness?"

"Since you're working at the Earl's house, it wouldn't be strange if you were in a situation where you would be alone with him. Furthermore, if the Earl were to have feelings for you, then there would be people who would think impolite ideas, but he declared under oath that he would not treat you that way. Even if you were to refuse his proposal, then I assure you that your future will not be ruined."

Society would label a young unmarried woman as fallen once she was alone with a man.

And since Lydia wasn't a peer, her position was the weaker one. That was where that Edgar was trying to get the Duchess' support by having her become Lydia's patron.

The Duchess originally had a good impression towards Edgar and regarded him with good opinion. And her husband, the Duke Masefield had a close acquaintance with Lydia's father, so that could mean she was just the person to stand in as the patron between the two.

And with this, through society's eyes, it would look as if Edgar had gone through the Duchess and proposed to Lydia and by doing that and that she would be considered a lady who he was seriously courting with marriage in mind, so if he were to touch her without first making preparations for an engagement, that would only bring dishonor to the Duchess' name.

Indeed, from the outside, it would look like he was thinking about Lydia.

"And then, what's left is in the case that you do agree to marry him, then I would arrange everything for that, so there is nothing for you to worry about."

"Huh,"

"Your father, Professor Carlton is a renowned scholar who England takes pride in, and you are also an admirable daughter, and so, I think there is no problem in recommending you as a bride for the Ashenbert family. More than that, if you are fearful of becoming a Lady, then I'll be your help. Even socializing with the peerage is nothing once you get used to it."

It looks like he even asked the Duchess to educate her about what's needed to become a proper lady. She knew that in this man's case, it was never purely just for Lydia's sake.

"I don't, but, marriage isn't....."

"Anyhow, I'm only wishing that one of the obstacles that is making you hesitate about marrying me would disappear," explained Edgar.

Regardless of what he was saying, he was just acting so that Lydia wouldn't be able to escape from this.

At least by doing this - the fact that Edgar had proposed to Lydia and the fact that she had possession of the engagement ring with her – it wouldn't end as 'just between the two of them.'

"But if this was under normal circumstances, the proper method would be for him to first ask the Professor if he could have your hand in marriage."

"I-I said don't you dare do that! I won't forgive you if you go to father!"

She yelled at him like she usually did, but then she realized where she was. They were in the presence of a Duchess.

"That's right; I can understand that you wouldn't want to worry your father while your feelings aren't sure yet."

The Duchess was smiling gently and amicably, but Lydia worried if the Duchess thought she was not graceful. Like she wasn't qualified to be the wife of a noble....

Oh, no, that isn't what I should be worried about; I have no intention of becoming someone's wife!

Oh, goodness, it's Edgar's fault that I have more worries and anxieties that keep piling up.

"That's why I asked for the Duchess' help. And everything will depend on how

you feel. I don't want the Professor to think that I made you do as I said by using dirty tricks."

You have been using plenty of dirty tricks up till this point.

Lydia somehow managed to swallow that retort that was just at the top of her throat.



"Now I can seduce you without worrying about anything," said Edgar in the carriage and then took the liberty of getting closer to Lydia.

In the end, she was left with the option of escorted home by Edgar, but Lydia let out a sigh thinking maybe it was better if she had refused.

He smiled victoriously, and stretched his hand out to her hair and untied the ribbon in her hair without her permission.

And then he even took out her pins, making her hair - that was woven up into one bun - fall down over her shoulders.

"Wait, what are you doing!"

"That was a little bit of a dull way to put your hair up. I like it more if you just leave it down."

"Your preference doesn't matter to me."

She snatched back the ribbon from his hand, and Lydia used her fingers to comb her ruffled hair as she turned away from him.

"It wouldn't hurt to hear the opinion of your fiancé."

Like I said, you aren't my fiancé.

It seems he doesn't understand that no matter how many times she said it.

"Since we're already out, let's stop by somewhere."

"I want to go home."

"I hear that there's an air balloon flight show that's going to take place at Hyde Park."

And their carriage had to passing by Hyde Park.

"A walk just around sunset is quite a nice thing in itself. It would help make you feel a little more interested in our romantic relationship."

Lydia tried to get away from him in the carriage where she had nowhere to run by scooting herself to the very end of the seat but he followed to get right up next to her.

"You made an oath to the Duchess that you wouldn't lay a finger on me."

"That was just said for the sake of principle."

"Huuhh?"

"Whatever happens won't be a problem after we get married."

"I said that I refuse..."

The carriage suddenly rocked to the side. She was thrown against Edgar and didn't think about not hanging onto him.

She nearly bit her tongue and just when she braced herself, the carriage stopped as it was still leaning slightly on its side.

".....Wh-what just happened?"

"Sir, are you all right!"

The driver opened the door in a hurry.

"Somehow. Lydia, are you all right?"

"Yes...."

She realized that Edgar had protected her so that she wouldn't hit her head, but since she was being embraced tightly by him, she jumped away from him as fast as she could.

"I'm sorry. A black cat came jumping out, and one of the wheels got caught in the ditch..."

"Well, that's quite ominous."

Edgar got down out the carriage that was leaning towards its side, and checked the situation but shrugged his shoulders at Lydia.

"The wheel is nearly coming off. It looks like it will take time to repair it, so let's walk home."

He told the driver - who said he would go and call for a hack in place of the carriage - to not bother with it, and held his hand out to Lydia to help her down out of the carriage.

He picked up his hat and stick that had dropped down to the floor of the carriage and started to walk down the street. Lydia could only follow after him, and she ended up taking a walk through the park with him which was starting to turn dark.

She wondered which was more dangerous, a young woman walking home by herself or walking with this flirt.

And while she was mulling that over in her mind, Edgar went further into the park.

"There is less people this way," she pointed out.

"It's a short-cut."

He turned around and smiled at her. That smile of his was a suspicious one.

"Don't worry, I won't attack you."

That's what I can't trust you about.

For one thing, the more they walked, the more they went into an area where there were male and female couples who were hiding behind the shrubs off the stone pathway into the far depths of the trees and bushes.

But, he wouldn't possibly do something like that, she reassured herself.

Edgar did say quite some things that were out of proper bounds, but lately, Lydia was beginning to feel that he wouldn't do something that would pressure her or go out of her limits. Because, he was beginning to stop pressuring her for a kiss.

He might have gotten tired of trying because Lydia was not changing her firm attitude.

But, after gaining the Duchess' approval and having someone who could prove that this wasn't just a game for him, then Lydia worried that he might be thinking he could do anything he wanted from now.

He even went and said that it was sake of principle that he wouldn't touch her.

Lydia desperately tried to erase that crazy delusion in her head. When she started to walk as quickly as she could, in order to get out of that dark area, her arm was suddenly grabbed by Edgar.

He pulled her into the dark shadow of a tree where there was hardly any light reaching them from the outdoor lamp posts.

"Wh-what are yo...."

"Quiet. They'll find us."

Huh?

In the direction that Edgar was looking, there were two people. She was familiar

with one of them.

Ulysses.....

The young man with light blond hair was the one who was targeting Edgar in order to kill him. He had the same ability as her - to communicate with fairies.

He was the spy sent from America by a man named Prince, a man who had killed Edgar's family and made him into his slave, and Ulysses'mission was to give Edgar punishment for escaping from Prince.

Edgar was deepening his confrontation with Ulysses and must have been investigating his movements.

Even if it was a coincidence that their carriage had broken down, she guessed that the reason he invited her to Hyde Park was because he knew Ulysses was going to appear here.

"Get closer to me. If we pretend to be lovers, then they won't suspect us."

That's easy for you to say.

He didn't wait and pulled the hesitant Lydia up against him.

"What is the meaning of this?" came an unfamiliar man's voice.

The voice who asked that question was another man talking to Ulysses.

He wasn't young, a middle-aged man. He looked like a gentleman, as he was dressed in a fine, nice suit.

The man's voice had unexpectedly ringed out around them, and Ulysses gave a worrying glance around them.

Lydia rushed to turn her head down, which made her end up burying her head into Edgar's chest.

Edgar looked down at her tenderly, like she was his beloved lover and he embraced her around her shoulders.

"It was true that I was late in contacting you, but that's because His Highness has something in mind. I'd prefer that you wouldn't but your mouth into my business," uttered Ulysses.

His Highness was a title that was used to call a prince. She wondered if they were talking about Prince. Which means that man could also be working for Prince.

Lydia was nervous, but for the moment, Lydia and Edgar were at a close enough

distance that they could hear the men, but not enough to be noticed by them.

The lovers who were also in this area were so absorbed in their own little worlds, so the men must have decided that no one would be listening to what they were saying.

"But isn't it rude of you to order me to hand over the gemstone? When His Highness comes to England, the plan was that I was going to be the one to hand it to him personally."

"His instructions were that I am to take care of it."

Lydia kept her breathing as quiet as she could as she listened to the two men's conversation, but she felt Edgar's finger play with a lock of her hair for no reason.

"Stop that," she whispered, lowering her voice and proponing to him.

"But we need to pretend to be lovers."

"They aren't looking in our direction right now!"

When she nearly raised her voice, a finger was pressed up against her lips.

"It's for the sake of safety. You are aware that the Blue Knight Earl was appeared in England, don't you?" spoke Ulysses once more.

That was another name for the Earl of Ibrazel, in other words, Edgar.

"Blue Knight Earl....., but, is that young man who appeared in the peerage truly the Blue Knight Earl? I heard that the Ashenbert family bloodline has died out, and the new heir wouldn't ever appear in England again."

They looked like they were having a seriously heated discussion, and yet, Edgar looked like he wasn't listening at all, as he gazed at Lydia with melting hot eyes.

He had his finger still resting on her lips, then softly let his finger trace along her lips, which made Lydia feel more fearful than nervous.

Am I really standing on the ground? She questioned herself that because it felt like the ground under her was shifting and unsteady. Her body felt so feeble and weak like her whole body was being cradled in his arms she was leaning up against.

"Don't, stop it already...."

She could only let out her voice in a sigh.

"You may have not noticed, but when you say stop, you look at me with such

longing eyes. And that makes you look so luscious to me."

"No-now isn't the time for that..."

Isn't eavesdropping on the men the purpose why we came here?

In the next moment, the bush next to them rustled. The one who came running through their feet was a black-colored animal.

Another black cat? Just when she thought that, Lydia was grabbed by her shoulder from behind.

"Hey, she says to stop it."

The one who spoke, pulled Lydia away strongly as if to separate her from Edgar. "Ke-Kelpie...."

The breathtakingly handsome-looking, black-haired young man who suddenly interrupted them was a water horse kelpie fairy in his human form.

When she thought about it, he did live in the Serpentine Lake that was in this park.

He was a fairy that normally lived in the highlands of Scotland and was a savage beast-horse that ate people, but he had taken a liking to Lydia and was staying in London.

He must have smelled Lydia's presence and came up onto shore.

"You're in the way, Kelpie. She is my fiancée. I won't take orders from you."

"Whether you might be her fiancé, she says she doesn't like it, so stop it."

"Hey, quiet down!" But, even if she said that, it was too late.

Ulysses had turned his focus in the direction of the brush that Lydia and the two were at.

"Let's run."

Edgar pulled her arm.

"Hey, you're the only one who needs to disappear, Blue Knight Earl!"

And because Kelpie yelled that in such a loud voice, Ulysses'expression changed dramatically.

She saw that he was about to pull out a pistol, and then she heard a gunfire.

"What was that?" asked Kelpie.

"Kelpie, this is your fault!" yelled Lydia as she ran through the dark bushes trying to escape from the possible bullets.

But, then they heard screams from all directions. She thought it might have been because of the gunfire, but it was different.

"The air-ballon..."

"Huh?...."

As it was being lit up by the moon that was beginning to rise, the white airballoon was also starting to float up into the sky. It was an air-balloon that was being used for the show in the open area of the park.

Lydia had a feeling like the air-balloon was growing bigger, as if it was coming in their direction.

The male and female couples who were hiding in the area all dashed away from their hiding spots.

"Lydia, this way!"

Lydia and Edgar both ran as fast as they could. Fortunately or unfortunately, now wasn't the time to be paying attention to Ulysses, and he also seemed to not be paying attention to them either, as the gunfire ended.

Lydia saw, as she turned around from the urge to see the source of fear, the airballoon was going up in flames.

In a matter of seconds, a huge fire flame rose up so high that it covered the sky. Was the premonition of the black cat about this?

Getting caught up in another accident of tonight, Lydia watched Kelpie, who transformed into his horse form, and galloped up into the sky to block her view of the fire that was catching up behind them.

Lydia returned to the Ashenbert mansion in Mayfair with Edgar because there was one accident after another and it made her so baffled and exhausted that she didn't feel like returning to her family's house after that.

The Ashenbert mansion was much closer to Hyde Park and she had just thought that she could take a sip of tea to calm down, but then there was a commotion which erupted inside the house as soon as they arrived.

"Tomkins, did something happen?" asked Edgar.

"It isn't anything serious that you should be bothered with, my lord."

The Ashenbert mansion butler moved around his thickset body briskly and took

the head of the house's hat and stick.

"There have just been so many sightings of black cats recently, so may I ask that you please use the room on the north side of the house."

The vase in the hall was turned over, and so was the sculpture by the stairway, and the painting that decorated the hallway wall was lying on the floor.

Things didn't seem normal at all, but Tomkins didn't appear like he was fretting about anything, and Edgar's reaction was shrugging his shoulders.

"Is the north side intact?"

"It appears so."

"Then bring some tea to the library."

"Black cats, that's just like the accident earlier.... This is too strange. What on earth is happening?" said Lydia.

"It isn't like the black cat is the bad one," muttered a small voice.

On the stairway railing, a gray-haired cat, not black, was sitting himself on his bottom. This cat - who could talk and wore a necktie -was Lydia's partner fairy cat, Nico.

"Hey, Earl, you brought in some kind of strange thing, didn't you? Because of that ominous thing, there are so many bad things happening. The black cats are just premonitions."

Nico hopped himself off the railing and landed on his hind feet and walked over to them standing up. He even crossed his arms behind his head and puffed himself out to look proud and self-important.

"Ahh, that," replied Edgar.

"Hurry up and do something about it."

"I can't just do that now. You would need to bear with this a little while longer."

"Edgar, what did you bring with you?" asked Lydia.

"A cursed diamond."

He replied like nothing was wrong, and told Lydia to go on ahead of him.

A cursed diamond, what did he mean by that? Is he making a scheme about something again?

As Lydia was mulling that over in her mind, she opened the door to the library.

One side of the wall of the library room was filled with books making the room

mixed with a particular smell of paper and ink; and the room was indeed unharmed.

Someone was sitting in a chair in the corner of the room and looked up over to Lydia; it was their fairy artist acquaintance, Paul.

"Oh, Lydia, hello," he greeted her.

"Paul, you came to visit?"

"Yes, uh, I completed the composition for my painting, so I thought I could have the Earl take a look at it. But the entrance was flooded with water and I tripped, so my papers got all damp and ruined...."

The good-hearted young man made a depressed face at his stroke of bad luck as he tried to make a smile at Lydia.

By Paul's side was a young boy around ten years old.

"Oh, yes, it would be the first time for Lydia to meet you. This is Jimmy who is the youngest member in the 'Scarlet Moon'."

The skinny young boy who had his mouth full of candy, only made a quick glance over to Lydia's direction like he wasn't particularly interested.

"He apparently is interested in learning how to paint. I'm still not in any position to teach someone, but I thought it wouldn't hurt if he could watch."

"Hey, Paul, when's the Earl coming?"

"I think he's coming pretty soon," replied Paul.

"He's coming right away. He arrived here just with me," mentioned Lydia.

When Lydia said that, the young boy looked at her with dubious eyes.

"Didn't the Earl go out to meet with his lover?"

"That's her," clarified Paul.

Lydia was appalled that Edgar had told Paul something like that.

But the young boy didn't hide his disappointment.

"Whaat, she can't be the one. The Earl's lover was that really pretty woman we saw before, right?"

"Uhhhh, I think the beautiful woman you mean dressed in men's clothing is the Earl's servant."

It looked like the young boy was favoring Ermine. She was Edgar's servant, but because she was such a seductive, beautiful woman, the boy's remark wasn't all

that surprising.

"You're lying," gasped the boy.

What do you mean lying? Lydia felt a little offended. Well, yes, if you compared me to Ermine, no matter who saw us, Ermine was much more beautiful.

"But, Paul, you said that the Earl's lover was beautiful."

"Eh? Uh, that's..."

"Oh, I see, you were just being nice."

"N-no, it wasn't, uh, Lydia, I didn't mean it like that," exclaimed Paul.

Paul had become completely flustered, and no matter how much he tried to soothe down her anger, Lydia just became more irritated, as it only sounded like he was being nice to her.

"Now, look here, little boy, you're being quite a little brat."

"Oh, she got angry. A noblewoman normally wouldn't become enraged, right?" What is it with this little brat?

"I happened to get angry when I'm told something rude. Don't think I would be so easy."

"You sure are quite a scary lady. Your golden-green eyes make you look like a witch. Or are you a changeling?"

He is only a child. Laying a hand on him wouldn't be fair, so she struggled to hold herself back.

However, for Lydia, who grew up being told that same name behind her back ever since she was a child, it hurt her the most.

"Uh, Lydia. I'm terribly sorry; he's quite the sharp tongued boy."

"I definitely think the other lady is a much better choice. Hey, lady, are you trying to trick the Earl?"

More than rage, Lydia just felt tired.

"Why would I? What do you think I would trick him for?"

"Witches would get close to men using sexual approaches and then sneak poison to them, right? Oh, but you couldn't possibly have any sexual charm...."

The young boy stopped his talking because Edgar had covered the boy's mouth.

"Jimmy, I won't forgive you for insulting my most dearest."

But the little brat wasn't hindered by something like that.

"But, Earl, what are you going to do if that fella named Ulysses has sent a spy? You know what? I think this lady is suspicious..."

This time Paul covered the boy's mouth.

"Forgive him, my lord, we'll excuse ourselves for today."

"Didn't you have some business with me?"

"It's ruined now anyway, so I'll come another day."

Paul left as he dragged along the young boy, which Lydia was honestly relieved about.

Her depressed feelings weren't going to be restored that easily, but she tried to gloss that over with a sigh.

It seems like I'm the one who is the most cursed by the diamond tonight.

"Lydia, were you offended?"

"It's all right, nothing's the matter. It's just a discussion about how I'm not qualified for you."

"It's just a child talking."

"More importantly, Edgar, in regards to that cursed diamond,"

Lydia quickly changed the subject because she didn't want to talk about her appearance.

It was good timing, as Raven came into the library.

This young man who brought in the tea and had an exotic appearance was Edgar's valet. Normally, he worked as the servant of the Ashenbert house and took care of his master's daily necessities, but he actually had extremely high combat skills as a fighter from a foreign country.

"If you were to accept things like that so easily, bad things are going to happen to you which are life-threatening beyond repair. You could have gotten badly injured even at that air-balloon accident just earlier," exclaimed Lydia.

"But in reality, I'm unharmed."

That was because Kelpie had guarded them. The power of a water fairy was the ability to shield them from the explosion of the fire.

Of course, he may have been only protecting Lydia, so it must have not been part of his plan to end up protecting Edgar as well.

"Would you show me the cursed diamond? Since there could be the case that a

fairy is involved," said Lydia.

'Oh, really' murmured Edgar, as he sat down next to Lydia and beckoned Raven with his hand.

"Raven, bring the diamond that's we were talking about."

Yes, replied Raven and walked over to the corner of the library and took down a black case that was resting on top of the mantel piece.

"So that's where it was," said Edgar.

"Because Mr. Tomkins noticed that it would calm down when it was near the merrow's sword," explained Raven.

"I see, maybe I should have realized that sooner," added Edgar.

There was the power of the merrow's magic in the sword that was being carefully stored in the small room in the back of the Ashenbert house. That must have been holding down the power of the curse in the diamond.

"This is the diamond?"

The item that was in the box Raven opened was a diamond, which was much bigger than Lydia had ever seen before.

"It's a one hundred carat black diamond. It goes by the name Nightmare."

Unlike ones that usually had a colorless, transparent shine to them, this one exactly wasn't black, but more near a dark gray as if it had a semi dark, dim light trapped in its center. And yet, it was a strange gemstone which released a rainbow colored light.

"I-is it real?" asked Lydia.

"It's real."

".....What are you going to do with this?"

"Ohhhh, I just felt like I wanted it."

You don't have to go and want something that comes with an ominous rumor.

Lydia thought that this was the part of him that had bad taste, as she took the diamond from its case with her hands.

When she peered down into the large diamond that was dangling down from a golden chain, the light from the hanging chandelier shined down and reflected off of it, making the polished surface look like a multiple-pedaled flaming flower in full bloom.

She felt an enchanting feeling and energy coming from so powerful like it could suck out her soul. It could have been the masterwork from the polished beauty of it or the illusion made from the unimaginable price on it, or she couldn't tell if it was because it was just the natural power of this mineral stone that had been sleeping far down in the depths of the earth.

Lydia was only able to tell if there were any traces of a fairy in it or not.

Fairies and gemstones were originally closely connected. If the legend was true about how the races of fairies were originally the descendants of the gods and goddess who came from the country in the center of the earth, then that meant fairies and gemstones were blood-related relatives.

She had heard that story from her deceased mother who was a Fairy Doctor.

Fairies were mysterious, enigmatic creatures. Fairy Doctors are human and are only able to see fairies and are not able to touch existences like fairies and the mystical creatures of the world from the other side.

"It doesn't seem like it's the work of a fairy," concluded Lydia.

"To begin with, a name like 'Nightmare' sounds so ominous. To top it off, it hasn't been treated with good care, so bad things must have gathered at the core of the jewel," said Nico, butting himself in the conversation.

Who knows how long he had been there, as he lay resting on his side, and took up all the space over the velvet long-chair and rested his head on his paw and elbow.

"If it was a jewel like that, then the power of the curse that befalls on its owner is going to be unbelievable terrible," said Nico.

"Then should I just give it good care? What needs to be done in order to wipe out the power of the curse?" asked Edgar.

"That's something unmanageable for a human," pointed out Nico.

Lydia agreed.

"Edgar, I think it's best for you to hurry up and get rd of it. Even if the merrow's sword is able to contain it, there's still going to be some kind of effect towards its owner."

However, like he was fooling around and evaded her suggestion, Edgar planted a kiss on the diamond.

"What a pity that it's cursed. Even when it's this beautiful."

Lydia had a feeling like his eyes, that reflected the diamond's dark glowing light, looked somewhat lonely.

That night, the one who accompanied Lydia in the Ashenbert carriage to her house was Ermine.

If it were normal, Lydia would go back home by carriage by herself, but ever since they spotted Ulysses in London, Edgar must be taking extra precautions.

"Ermine, would you be able to ask Edgar if he would dispose of that diamond?" asked Lydia, as she remembered how that young boy had compared her with Ermine.

"It isn't my place to voice my opinion," she said in a firm manner as she faced Lydia with straight eyes.

Inside the carriage, Ermine, who had her brown hair cut evenly short and dressed in males' clothing, was sitting down next to Lydia. Just like Raven, she was Edgar's servant and bodyguard, so she must have preferred males clothing as they were easier to move about in.

It was a relief to have someone so experienced in martial arts of self-defense by her side, but ever since Ermine returned, Lydia slightly felt a little guilty.

Ermine was in love with Edgar. However, Edgar is currently claiming Lydia as his fiancée, and Ermine was treating her as so.

But Lydia wondered if things were going to be right like that, and so she was still bothered about how she was compared by the little boy Jimmy.

"I wonder what he plans to do with that diamond. I can't think that it was just something to add in his collection."

It was hard to believe that a man would want to wear a diamond made into a necklace. That's why Lydia had a small feeling that he might be planning to give it as a present to some woman.

"Well, I wouldn't know," replied Ermine, but it seemed like she knew the answer to Lydia's question.

".....I heard the rumor that Edgar might be owning a harem."

She thought she might try and probe under the Ermine's mask.

"I hear that there is a place that you could hide several women and let them live secretly, out of the public eye."

Was Ermine trying to hide the princess who ran away from her home in a foreign country and came after Edgar?

But, if it was a woman from royal birth like that, then it was understandable that a man would want to send a large-sized diamond to her.

Lydia wanted to believe that it was just a rumor, but she was a little curious.

"Miss. Carlton, please believe in Lord Edgar" asked Ermine in a cool and composed tone.

"But, how should I say it, even you know how much of a lady's man he is, right? If it were you, would you be able to believe in him?"

Lydia felt that [if it were you] was a mean thing to ask. *Oh, no,* she worried, becoming embarrassed at herself, but Ermine replied like she wasn't bothered at all.

"I couldn't believe in him."

"O-....oh, yes, of course."

"But, I was ordered by Lord Edgar to say that so it would coax you."

Lydia couldn't resist but burst out in chuckles.

Ermine also chuckled. The two of them chuckled to each other, and Lydia came to the conclusion that she didn't want to create any ill feelings between them. But, she wondered how Ermine was thinking about that.

"Uh, Ermine. I'm only saying this because I can guess you already know the circumstances, but there is no need for you to treat me as Edgar's fiancée."

Right in front of Lydia's house, the carriage stopped.

Ermine opened and held the door and silently waited for Lydia to get off, like she had failed to hear what Lydia had said.

And then, out of the blue, she said:

"Miss. Carlton, I had never had a physical relationship with Lord Edgar. And it will never happen in the future. Will you believe that for me?"

"Eh? Oh, no, that's not what I meant. It's not like I was jealous or anything."

The way Ermine said something like that so directly made Lydia flustered and turn red in the face.

"Yes. But, drawing a clear line is necessary. And, I have already organized my own feelings. If you are able to forgive me of my horrible act in the past, then please forget about everything. I intend to serve you with the same loyalty that I serve with Lord Edgar."

Lydia looked up to Ermine's face as she was taller than her and because Ermine said that in such a solemnly tone, it sent a twinge of pain in Lydia's chest but she still took Ermine's hand.

"All right, I'll forget about it. But, that's a completely different story from me marrying Edgar or not."

Lydia didn't know the reason why Edgar didn't accept Ermine's feelings even though he had realized how she felt towards him.

But, he was a philandering rake, but it wasn't like he didn't have any discretion. It could be because she was someone dear to him that he wasn't able to cross the line so easily.

In that sense, Ermine was be a special woman to Edgar, more than any other woman.

Chapter 2 - Daydream nightmare - Dearest Fairy

Lydia had no intention of marrying Edgar.

She wanted to stay by her father's side for a little while longer, and because she wanted to continue the job of a Fairy Doctor in the human realm, she accepted the engagement ring from Edgar so that she could put the promise with Kelpie - who wanted Lydia as his bride - and rest it on the shelf.

If she could keep Kelpie at bay, then she figured she could give back the engagement ring to Edgar, but she couldn't come up with a good plan.

She took out a small box that she had put away in the drawer in her bed chamber and took out the moonstone ring from it to inspect it.

It was a strange moonstone that had a shine inside, which would wax and wane like the real moon.

Tonight, on a bright night of a full moon, the milky white moon appeared like it was shining with its whole surface.

"So beautiful...."

Surprisingly, Lydia was quite attracted to this moonstone. She never grew tired at looking at it, and strangely it would calm her down.

Even if it was this thing's fault that things were going as Edgar wanted, there was no fault in a gemstone.

It wasn't like she wanted to own a jewel, but more like the sense of feeling like she wanted to get along with it.

"It seems like the two of you ring nicely."

Lydia jumped in surprise at the voice that came out from no particular direction and looked around to find the source.

"Its shine hasn't dulled at all. That's a relief."

A fairy's voice? But, she couldn't see it anywhere. Lydia guessed it must be quite a small fairy, and started to look under the table and bed.

"Ohh, pardon me. I'll show myself right now."

And just then, from a knothole, a hand popped itself out. Next came out a hat, then a head probably and a round shaped body, and when the fairy finally stood up on the floor, it showed that, compared to the knothole, it was bigger, the same size of a wild hare.

The fairy was dressed in a small outfit much like a laborer, and had a red face and a button-like nose, with shaggy, unkempt hair, which made her guessed that he was one that lived in the iron mines.

"Are you, a coblynau?"

"Yes, I am. I have been doing the work of managing gemstones for a long period of time. My partner happens to be that moonstone, and I had lost track of it and looking for it all over the place."

Coblynaus knew all there was about gemstones and a good-natured fae who would show and tell people about minerals.

They were closely connected with the minerals or in other words jewels that were dug up. Lydia knew that much about them.

"Does each one of your kind keep watch over every single jewel?"

"Only those that have special circumstances. There are stones that happen to be quite particular, but if we are asked to keep watch, then we will take care of it."

The small fairy climbed up onto Lydia's lap as she was kneeling down, and looked down into the moonstone.

"Were you well, Bow. I'm happy for you, that you were able to find your queen."

"What, queen?"

"This moonstone is a gift the Blue Knight Earl would give his Lady Queen. It this it one is satisfied, it means that you are the Lady Queen, are you not?"

".....Hold on just a moment, this stone has that kind of meaning?"

"Yes, since the Lady Queen of the first Blue Knight Earl was Lady Gwendolyn's moonstone."

I didn't know that.

How could I guess that this stone had such a long and distinguished history? If she could recall, according to the story about the Lord Blue Knight who was said to be the fore father of the Ashenbert family, he had a wife who was a fairy. And if this ring was hers--

Lydia had a strong feeling like she wasn't going to be able to escape from Edgar, and that thought made her dizzy.

At this rate, there could be a chance that she might be acknowledged as 'Queen' by the fairies that lived on the estates of the earl family.

"Uh, to make things clear, right now, it just happens to be that I have the ring under my temporary possession. So, there really isn't any deep meaning behind...."



Like she feared, the coblynau wasn't listening to Lydia's denial at all.

"My ancestor had been personally asked by Lady Gwendolyn to watch over and take care of this moonstone. I call this one by the name Bow, and I can grasp what is happening to it like it's a part of my body. So please feel reassured in my care."

He picked up the ring that was on Lydia's palm with both of his hands and checked it from all angles. When she thought the fairy looked done, he put it

back on Lydia's finger.

"Ahh, now it's a perfect fit."

What!? she thought and lifted her hand up, to see that the size of the ring - which should have been too big for her - was now resting comfortably around her finger. Not only that-

"It's not coming off!" gasped Lydia.

"We can't allow you to drop and lose it."

"That's not the point, please take it off."

"The only one who can take it off is the Earl. There should be no point in taking it off in front of other men."

Oh, you have to be joking!

Lydia tried with all the strength in her body to pull the ring off, but the fairy sat himself on the table, put a pipe in its mouth, made a satisfied look and started to have smoke, so she couldn't convince him to change this.

"By the way, My Lady Queen, I would like to pay my greetings to the Blue Knight Earl, may I ask where exactly he could be?"

"He isn't here!"

"Oh, now, is the Earl living separate from My Lady Queen and making you live in such a shabby, small house like this?"

"Sorry for being small and shabby. That's not the point; we aren't married, so we don't live together! So, don't call me your Queen!"

Lydia was finally starting to become irritated.

"Ohh, so the two of you are still in your engagement period. No wonder this place didn't look like the grand mansion of the Earl. But, still, your treatment is quite poor. If the two of you were to be engaged, then you would need the appropriate number of dresses and jewels. Oh, yes, I know, I will go and provide my counsel in that matter."

"I don't need that!"

Edgar would get overly-excited and definitely get carried away.

"Now, don't go and do something without me asking for it. Or else, whether you are the manager of the moonstone or not, I'll kick you out! Because I am a Fairy Doctor!"

When she was about to throw some hawthorn fruit at it, the Coblynau vanished with a poof.

She couldn't go out in public with the engagement ring on her ring finger. It would also be too much hassle if her father were to notice it.

Since morning, Lydia was hiding her left hand and ate her breakfast, but however much she tried, she couldn't hold her fork as usual, so she ended up drinking only tea.

"Lydia, are you not feeling well?"

When she was the fastest one to put down her napkin, her father asked her with a worried look on his face.

"N-no, I'm fine. I just wanted to leave early today."

"Is there that much work piled up for you to do?"

"Well, more or less."

She wanted to leave before he noticed the ring, so Lydia quickly stood up, but her father spoke to stop her.

"About the Earl Ashenbert-"

"Huh, what?"

"No, uh, I just happened to hear a rumor. That you and the Earl were courting...."

"Ohh, yes, he is surrounded with such rumors. Every woman he happens to meet, ends up being rumored to be courting him, so that proves rumors are just troublesome and really unreliable, aren't they?"

Lydia rushed as she made up an excuse.

".....You're right. There could be no such thing."

"No such thing," she echoed.

"Well, how do you put it, I'm sure there are plenty of women who are fit for the Earl, but courting that doesn't end with marriage is only a dishonor for the woman. I know that you can stand on your feet and think for yourself, so I don't think you would be tricked, but-"

Lydia's father let out a sigh and pushed up his round spectacles and continued his conversation.

"But, if in the case you had some kind of trouble, I want you to come to me for

advice. I may be a father who lets you go free and don't interfere and unreliable, but I am still your parent."

Oh, she knew she was making him worry. But, she couldn't let herself confess about the engagement. And, it wasn't like she really wanted to get married, so that would just make him more worried with the misunderstanding that she may be fooled around with.

"Father, the one who I'm going to choose is a serious and earnest man like you."

Of course, Lydiawas serious about that.

That's why - although she didn't hate Edgar - he wasn't the type who could be her marriage partner.

I need to hurry up and make him take off the ring.

Lydia hurried her feet to take her exit out of the dining room.

However, there was no way that the Edgar she knew was going to be honest and agree to take off the ring.

"Lydia, you finally decided to put on the ring for me."

That was the reply Lydia got after she arrived to the Ashenbert mansion a little earlier than usual, and put all her effort in explaining her situation and pleaded to Edgar, who was relaxing himself in the morning room.

"Were you listening to what I've been saying?" asked Lydia.

If I don't calm down, I'll be doing just what he's hoping for, however, even though she knew that, a frown was creeping up on her face.

"Yes, a coblynau fairy had put it on your finger, right? And, it said that I'm the only one who can take it off."

"So-," urged on Lydia.

"The fairy is correct. Taking off your engagement ring in front of another man is inviting infidelity."

In-infidelity? At such an indecent word, she was pushed far beyond rage and felt her head going dizzy.

And yet, there was a calm part of her that searched the room and made sure that the kelpie wasn't hiding anywhere and lowered her voice next to Edgar.

"Ou-our engagement is false! It's your fault for not acknowledging that, so why

do I have to be the one who has to go through this?"

"If you would acknowledge our engagement, then all of our problems will be solved."

"Stop being so selfish."

"Does My Lady the Queen have something you are displeased about?"

Oh, here he is again.

Lydia felt tired all of a sudden as she turned around.

The red faced coblynau trotted over to side of the chair that Edgar was on.

"I said don't call me queen."

"Oh, yes, of course, My Lady."

She thought yes, that's more like it, but she realized that wasn't the issue, but the fairy quickly knelt down in front of Edgar.

"It is an honor to meet your presence, My Lord Blue Knight Earl."

"Uhh, are you the caretaker of Gwendolyn's ring? I can hear you but I'm not able to see you."

He couldn't see the fairy's body because most humans normally couldn't. But, to call himself the Blue Knight Earl and not be able to see was ludicrous.

However, the coblynau didn't seem to be bothered, and climbed up onto the table and pulled out a cosmos flower from the vase.

"Would this help?"

Seeing the cosmos floating in the air by itself, Edgar nodded.

"Now, in regards to my visit, My Lord. While I'm here to pay my greetings, I would like to say a word of advice, your treatment of My Lady's living affairs is quite poor. You must treat her as the Lord Blue Knight had treated a fairy princess in the past."

"I said stop it, Coblynau."

"I see, but what should I do?" asked Edgar.

He only ignored Lydia and leaned out over towards the fairy's direction.

"More than anything else, My Lady's attire is much too plain."

"That's true. I've been trying to do something about that periodically, but she only says that she's here to work and stubbornly comes dressed like this."

"You are not putting in enough effort. You must treat her so special that she

would become tired of it."

Let's give it a try, said Edgar and stood up to briskly walk over in front of Lydia who had attempted to flee.

"Oh, Lydia, no matter what you wear, you are always charming, but I think that I'll be able to lend a hand to make you the most beautiful woman in the world. For example, a diamond would shine even more only when it is methodically cut to collect as much light as it can. You should search for the Lydia that is qualified for such a shine."

It wasn't like it wasn't enough, but this man's special treatment always went over the line.

"I understand how charming you are more than anyone else, so if you would let me take care of everything, I can transform you into a princess who everyone would admire and envy. I know, since this is good timing, let's go buy some accessories for our engagement announcement party."

"Engagement announcement?" baffled Lydia.

"Don't we need to make that official declaration eventually? When that time comes, I would like it if you would wear the gifts I gave you, and I would prefer to prepare what is most best for you, so I would need to place the orders for them as soon as possible."

She didn't know if he was just overdoing in his acting or if he was really serious. But, whether Edgar was overdoing it, he was the type that might actually make those orders.

The coblynau was nodding in satisfaction, so there was no one to back her up.

"What would you like for your jewels? I'll get whatever you want."

In that moment, Lydia suddenly remembered the diamond from yesterday.

She wanted to make sure if it really was a gift for the harem princess.

It wasn't something very important to her, but she wanted to cause some trouble to Edgar.

"Th-then, the diamond from yesterday, would you give me that?"

If he really would give it to her, then he might go through with the engagement announcement immediately. However, Lydia didn't think up of that danger.

"It's a cursed diamond. I don't want to put you in misery."

By Edgar backing down, Lydia was made to feel an even stronger feeling like she wanted to bully him.

Like she thought, maybe it really was a present for a woman.

He was a low, frivolous man who had a number of female lovers as he was trying to flirt with Lydia. He deserves to be put in trouble.

"If it was the coblynau, then he might be able to hold down the power of the curse."

As she said that, she recalled how that was indeed true. He was a fae who had the power to take care of jewels. Nico said that the cursed diamond hadn't gotten any proper treatment so far. Then she came to the idea, that maybe, the coblynau would be able to return the stone to its original state.

"Is that true?" asked Edgar, turning around.

The coblynau leaned his head to the side as he held the cosmos flower over his head like an umbrella.

"Diamonds are not my specialty, so I can't exactly say. They are jewels that are the most particular and difficult, so I would need to talk about it with my clan. If it is going to be a gift for my young lady, then I'll definitely need to do something about it."

Uh-oh, maybe this was turning out bad.

Lydia finally realized that if he were to give it to her, she would be at the point of no return and cold sweat was starting to come out of her, but Edgar made a small sigh.

"But, Lydia, it can't be that one."

"....Oh, o-of course. It is too expensive. Besides, I couldn't possibly match it." She felt relieved, but at the same time felt servile.

I knew it, he was just talk.

"That's not it. If you want diamonds, I'll find the biggest diamonds there is and you can have all you want. But, the diamond you want is no longer here."

"Huh. Why?"

"I gave it away. To someone who wouldn't be affected by the curse."

Is that person the pagan princess?

If that woman went so far as to desire a cursed diamond, then she must know a

way to lift the curse.

"I know. Why don't we go to the jewelry store on Bond Street?"

He smiled at her like he was trying to patch things up, but Lydia didn't have that kind of intention from the start, and suddenly became depressed.

She swiftly shook her head to the sides.

"I was just lying, it's a lie that I wanted the diamond. Because you were always teasing and playing with me, I just wanted to give you some trouble. Because, well, that kind of amazing diamond isn't something that can be easily given away. I thought you were sure to be troubled."

"Lydia, if it was for you, there isn't anything I would regret."

Edgar said that, but he did indeed look like he was troubled.

"It doesn't matter to me. Besides, I have no intention of marrying you."

She turned her heels around and dashed out of the room.

In the end, she was able to cause some trouble to Edgar. However, it only left her with a bitter after-taste.

When she ran into her work office, Nico was gracefully sipping tea from a teacup.

This fairy cat had taken a liking to the expensive tea provided in the Ashenbert house, and lately hadn't show a hint of interest in the tea that was served at Lydia's house.

Fairies are such free-spirited and self-centered creatures, what an easy life it must be for them since they do as they please.

As Lydia thought that, she passed by Nico's side and sat down in front of her desk.

She ended up not able to have the ring taken off after all.

"Hmm, well, well, this truly is a rare jewel," came the Coblynau's voice to Lydia's ear, as she rested her head in her hand with her elbow on the table.

"That's candy, and what are you," said Nico.

Nico stared at the quizzically at the shaggy haired fairy that suddenly appeared on the table.

"He apparently is the caretaker of the moonstone," answered Lydia.

Which means, as long as Lydia can't dispose of this, then she's going to be followed around by this fairy.

"So, Nico, be friendly with him."

Nico narrowed his eyes like that sounded like too much work for him, but he puffed himself up like a proud senior fairy and opened the lid of the glass pot and held out a candy.

"I give you one. It isn't a jewel but something to eat."

"Why thank you. By the way, do you happen to be the young lady's friend?"

The Coblynau picked out as much of the amber-colored candies as he could carry with both of his arms and stuck them preciously into his pockets.

For some strange reason, all the candies fit into the little fairy's teaspoon-sized pockets.

Lydia didn't know how their pockets were made, but apparently the fairies were free to hide and carry things with them that were much bigger than their body.

"Not so much a friend, more like, I'm her guardian."

Hey, now what part of you is my guardian.

"Even so, my young lady, what is there for you to be displeased with? The Earl had said he would present you with diamonds or anything you like. He appeared to be the generous type to my eyes."

There is no way I could agree to marrying someone just from receiving gifts from that person.

"What, Lydia, you want diamonds?" said another voice.

Oh, no, here he is again.

The one who came in, as he butted in to their conversation, was a black, wavy-haired Kelpie.

This kelpie fairy always appeared care-free, but then Lydia realized that the sources of her headaches were all caused by him.

"Diamonds don't fit you. You were always covered in dirt and romped in the grass when you were in Scotland, but ever since you came to the city, aren't you starting to act a little swank?"

"That has nothing to do with anything. There isn't any place here that would make me covered in dirt."

A well-aged daughter couldn't allow herself to roll down on the grass in the park. Of course, if she were to go ahead and lie down in some random place in the countryside town she grew up in, then people will look at her with their brows turned up, but far beyond the town, in the open and vast grassy fields, Lydia could play and mingle with the fairies in the fairy raths and the vast fields of shamrock without having to worry about people watching her.

"Hey, you should rethink about marrying with the Earl. If you say you want to stay in the human world a little while longer, then you can just live in Scotland. Or, do you want to go back to the other side with me?" offered Kelpie.

For Kelpie, that was quite a compromise. And that actually wasn't such a bad concession for Lydia.

She would no longer be thrown around by Edgar and won't have to be dragged into dangerous situations that happened around him, and could live in peace and quiet.

But, the only thing that worried her was the existence of Ulysses who was trying to kill Edgar.

Ulysses had the power of a Fairy Doctor and Edgar wouldn't be able to do anything by himself.

There may not be that much of a difference even if the half-fledged Lydia were to go against him, but if Ulysses was using fairies'magic for evil purposes, then for the sake of the fairies and as a Fairy Doctor, Lydia felt she needed to stay here.

But, that sort of sounded like an excuse.

No, no, I want to become a Fairy Doctor like my mother.

As she repeated that to herself, Lydia subconsciously stroked the moonstone on her ring finger.

"Should you really make such a promise? Even if I were to return to Scotland, I might find someone else who I would fall in love with," asked Lydia.

"You'll just end up heart-broken."

"Huh? What is that suppose to mean."

Kelpie perched himself on her desk and gazed down at Lydia from his height.

"There is no way a Fairy Doctor could get along with humans. Because from the

perspective of ordinary humans, a Fairy Doctor only appears crazy. Since that's reality, don't put your hopes up on human men."

Kelpie's eyes had the magic to charm and attract humans, and the dull light from his black pearl eyes confused Lydia's thinking.

"My mother fell in love with my father and they got married."

"Well, your father is obsessed with rocks and pebbles, so isn't normal himself."

He is a Mineralogist. But even if she corrected him, Kelpie wouldn't understand. Lydia let out a sigh, as she thought "However-". Lydia didn't think that Edgar was in love with her, but she did feel like he had a good understanding about her ability as a Fairy Doctor.

Maybe because he happened to win the honorable title of Blue Knight Earl and because he needed a Fairy Doctor, he might have had no other choice but to understand.

Or, she wondered if he was someone rare who could understand people like her who lived on the boundary of the two neighboring worlds.

She wondered if it was an extremely rare chance to be able to meet someone like him who was such a peculiar character to choose to marry a Fairy Doctor and support her, even if it was for his own profit.

She wondered once she moved away from Edgar, if she would never be seduced by a man or treated kindly like she was right now.

When she thought about it like that, she was shocked and appalled at realizing there was a part of her didn't dislike his open, warm and good-willed treatment. Well, anyone would feel pleased when they were complimented even if it wasn't from the heart.

......Well, that's all there is to it.

"In the first place, I've heard that human males are cheaters. Even that Earl was talking about how he gave a diamond to a woman; do you intent on marrying a man like that?"

A woman? Lydia whipped her head up.

"Kelpie, why did you know something like that?"

"When I was bathing in the fountain garden here, he was talking about that with the painter. Said it was a woman in a harem. What's a harem?"

Huh, so wait, he really is hiding a princess in a harem?

It wasn't just a rumor?

"Kelpie, you don't even know a thing like that?" said Nico in a proud way as he combed his whiskers.

"So you know what it is."

"Of course I do. I am terribly well-informed. It's a new kind of food."

"Aha, there really are many names of food in London that we fairies never heard of."

The one who said that was Coblynau.

"Oh, yeah, who is this awful-tasting looking small one?" asked Kelpie pointing at Coblynau.

Right next to Lydia, who had started to think things over in her mind again, the care-free conversation between the fairies, who were only interested in food, continued on.



The name of the shop was Madam Eve Palace. It was rumored to be a building where the nobles could hide their mistresses, but only ones who knew the truth were the customers.

It was a business where newcomers needed to be recommended by a current customer to join, and Edgar had his name on the list of customers, and when he stepped out of his carriage in front of the store's gates, he was immediately escorted into the building by one of the servants who practically came tumbling out.

Even though it was day, the rooms had their curtains closed and the hanging chandelier lit up the room so bright it was almost blinding to the eye.

He walked along the deep crimson carpet that spread down the hallway into the back of the building and came to where he was looked down by a marble female statue that was lined up evenly.

The smoke that faintly filled the air made one's mind grow dull as it made the mind fall under a trance. There must already be someone who had fallen under that sweet aroma and was basking in a daydream about his own harem that was always waiting for him beyond those quiet doors.

The one who was guiding him had changed to another before he had realized it, from the servant who also acted as a bodyguard to a woman who wore a thin cloth over her head.

Eventually, he and his female guide arrived before a double-door at the end of a hallway and the woman opened the door by turning its golden doorknobs for him as she humbly lowered her head.

Edgar stepped through the door.

The room inside was decorated with gold and silver ornaments and garnitures and was only lit by a faint lamp that left the room dark.

The colorfully patterned Persian rug was spread out on the floor decorating the space beneath his feet and the room had fine ebony chairs and tables that played the room down nice and calmly.

In the back of that room, a calico printed chintz curtain was hung, making a temporary wall and divided the room. He could see through the transparently thin cloth, and saw that there was a long and slender sofa on the other side.

He could also see that there was someone sitting on it.

Edgar approached that person who had long hair and a slender figure.

"How are you today, Jean-mary?"

Edgar pulled up the curtain and leaned down to kiss the lady's hand.

"Were you satisfied with the diamond? It looks lovely on you."

The woman was wearing foreign clothing, so dressed to look like an Arabian princess, and she sat gazing softly back at Edgar with a faint smile on her lips.

"Lord Edgar, he will be coming soon."

The one who appeared in the doorway was Raven. Edgar nodded and made a nod to the lady in front of hem and let go of the curtain.

"Jean, I promise that I will avenge for you, so please leave everything to me."

Then, he went into the small room along with Raven that was behind the large mirror in the same room to hide.

"Raven, how was Paul? Was he able to wheedle the Duke Barkston?"

"He looked like he was managing it somehow."

"Well, we did have him practice quite a lot. Since the Duke knows my face, I had to ask Paul to be the one to do that part."

In the small room they were in, which was separated by the magic mirror built into the wall, it was made so that they could look through the mirror into the other room.

At the same time Edgar leaned himself right next to the mirror, the door that entered into the other room was opened and he saw two men come walking in. "I can understand. In this place, there isn't one thing is not impossible."

The pipe that the Duke was smoking had already pushed his consciousness into a dream.

A business that sells dreams: Madam Eve Palace. Here, anyone could forget about the harsh reality outside and dive into the world of their own imagination.

"Yes, you're exactly right. And then, she revealed to me about the other diamond that is the pair with this Nightmare."

"Do you mean the white diamond 'Daydream' that was said to have disappeared at the same time?"

"Have you ever heard about the myth that the one who possesses the two diamonds, both the white and black, becomes a King who can conquer the world?"

"Yes, that is why England's Royal Family had continued to search for the lost diamonds. It was said that they fell into the hands of Napoleon, but even if that were so, it seems the diamonds must have forsaken him."

"For the sake of the growth and expansion of England, the Royal Family must want to get back the diamonds. But, this lady here claims that the white diamond 'Daydream' has already returned to the hands of its King."

".....Not the Majesty Her Queen?"

"That's right. The lady wishes to meet the one who possesses the 'Daydream' and who she can entrust the care of herself and the destiny of the 'Nightmare' to. If it be someone like that, I thought I might be granted a big chance, and so I promised I would help in any way I could. And so, Lord Barkston, due to her most urgent request I had brought this up to you because you might be aware of the owner of the 'Daydream'."

[&]quot;Me, you say?"

"Do you have any idea who that might be?"

The Duke seemed like he was trying to think even as his mind wasn't running clearly.

"Would you mind showing me the 'Nightmare?' If I could see it, I might be able to remember something."

Edgar paid attention to the expression on Duke Barkston's face.

It was crucial from this point on.

Paul turned over towards the curtain and knelt down in front of the lady's feet as she was sitting down on the sofa. But, he was so stiff and cumbersome that he wobbled over a bit.

"Would you lend the Duke your attention? Lady Jean-mary."

He said it in a monotone, but it wasn't a problem.

Because just as Edgar anticipated, the Duke's face went stiff.

And it looked like his lips moved to whisper the name Jean-mary.

Paul opened the thin curtain.

Duke Barkston's eyes widened. The pipe from his frozen hand fell to the floor but he didn't bother to pick it up.

Paul rushed to pick it up because he might have worried that the Persian rub might get burned, and that was actually a commoner's reaction, but to the Duke, and to Edgar, that was something that didn't matter at all.

He's caught, whispered Edgar.

"Please Your Grace, would you help her."

Ahh, yes, he replied, in a somewhat dazed tone.

The woman who he deeply loved and yearned for was right in front of his eyes.

The Duke was sure to not refuse her wish.

In his dream at Madam Eve Palace, he was sure to be caught in the dream about his past and by the shine of the black diamond.

That was another scheme made by Edgar in order to get his hands on the one more legendary diamond 'Daydream.'

He was sure that Duke Barkston had the jewel hidden somewhere.

But, Edgar didn't know how the Duke came to be connected with Prince.

Edgar still didn't know what Prince's intentions or main goal was, and didn't

even know the reason why he was involved with it.

And one of the clues to reach that was The Royal Family's pair of diamonds.

The black diamond which had apparently absorbed the power of a curse as it went from one hand to another who did not deserve it. But, you could sense that it was the intentions of the people more than the jewel itself that was more powerful as a curse.

Who knew what Jean-mary was thinking as she looked back at the duke.

She looked somewhat hollow and empty and appeared like she had forgotten the man in front of her who she supposedly had hatred for.

That might be right. No longer was this for the sake of Jean, but it could be a personal revenge for Edgar's sake. If she were able to feel something right now, she could be filled with grief at Edgar's scheme.

Even if that were so, Edgar wasn't able to stop himself.

"Raven, now Duke Barkston wouldn't be able to stop himself from betraying Ulysses after this. He would be sure to sneak out the 'Daydream'from his hidden spot so that he could give it to her. Tell the 'Scarlet Moon'to make sure and keep a good eye on him."

"Understood."

Edgar left Raven alone in the small room and went out to the door in the back to come out to a hallway.

Madam Eve Palace, a private and blissful place that promised a moment of pleasure. Beyond the heavily guarded shut doors, there waited an illusionary world that existed only for the customers.

It was a place that customers could become a king, like a ruling Sultan in his harem. The women who waited for the return of their master were kind and loyal who would never refuse anything.

Even if was called a harem, there were no living, breathing women here who had a will of their own. Because it was just a palace with women who existed to represent the men's dreams and fantasies.

Even Jean-mary, unrelated to what she would think, existed here for the sake of Edgar's wish.

And yet, he wanted to think that this was best for her sake than continuing to

be used as the solace and comfort object for this man.

Edgar was able to sneak into the room which was filled with that man, Duke Barkston's excessively partial love, and the portrait paintings that covered up a whole wall of the room made him be filled with a dark monstrous emotion.

The Duke's secret room. Even Ulysses didn't know about this place.

It wouldn't be easy for Ulysses, who just came from America and had the appearance making him look like a young man in his prime to be able to enter into the insular world of the peerage to retrieve the information he wanted. That's why Edgar decided to use this place as the stage for his plot.

There was only one woman in his harem in this room which was decorated with flowers and jewels and looking like it came out a dream. In all of the countless framed pictures, it was the same smiling woman being portrayed.

Of course, Jean-mary.

"Your Grace, if you want to dream that much, then I'll make sure you have a nightmare you will never forget."



Edgar had left the Ashenbert mansion in the afternoon and returned in the evening.

Lydia wanted to make sure he would take off the ring before she had to go home so she invited herself to his salon again.

"Edgar!Uh."

She lost her momentum because the expression on his face which was reflecting in the glass window he stood by was an near frightening stern look.

It was the cruel and heartless side of Edgar that Lydia was unable to understand.

"Um, if you're busy, then I'll come back later...."

"Lydia, you know there is no such thing as being so busy that I have to send you away,"

The man who turned around and said that was the usual Edgar with his irreverent, highhanded kind of smile.

"Did you come to have a last look of your fiancé's face before you went home?" "How many times do I have to say that's wrong? More importantly, this ring....."

"Can I hug you?"

"Huhh?"

Edgar was already standing in front of Lydia and didn't show any signs of goofing around or joking, and just looked down at her longingly with his ash mauve eyes.

"N-no, you can't."



Lydia was made to say that mostly from reflex.

"Just one minute," he negotiated.

"That's too long."

"Then thirty seconds."

Surprisingly he didn't appear to have any lust about him, but she felt like he just wanted to cuddle up to her like a small child, and that made Lydia say a reply that surprised even herself.

".....If it's ten seconds, then,"

She wasn't allowed a moment to take back her reply, as she was swept into his arms.

I wonder if he went through something painful.

While she thought that, she wished she could be of some help, but in the end, Lydia couldn't release the tension in herself and remained stiff and rigid, so that might have not helped comfort him in any way.

She wasn't sure if the ten seconds had passed or not, and Edgar didn't show any signs like he was going to let go, and what made Lydia shift herself to hint to him to let go was the faint smell like an Eastern, Oriental aroma.

"Where did you go?"

"Paul's studio."

That's a lie.

She was always refusing and couldn't be a comfort to him, so she didn't have a right to question where his whereabouts was like a lover.

And yet, she felt disappointment for some reason and didn't realize that she had let out a sigh.

"Lord Edgar, I heard that you were injured," said Ermine, who came into the salon carrying a medicine case.

"What, injured? Is that true, Edgar?"

When she took a good look, there was a cut in the shoulder of his coat where blood was seeping out.

"Ohh, just a little. I was suddenly cut with a knife in an alley, but this is nothing. I don't know who the person is, but that person must have gotten a much more serious injury."

Raven must have been the one who did that.

If it was to protect his master, then he would release his warrior instincts and attack.

"Hey, isn't the power of the diamond's curse still working on you?" asked Lydia.

"Now that you say that, I think I did see a black cat," recalled Edgar.

"Edgar, are you by chance frequently meeting with the.....uh, the person who you gave the diamond to?"

"If so, will the curse still stay with me?"

So you're admitting that you're meeting her?

Lydia was unrelated to that, yet she became irritated.

"At this rate, it will be very dangerous."

"If it would make you concerned for me, then it isn't so bad to be cursed."

You're so quite to joke around.

"Lord Edgar, I would like to disinfect your wound, so please take off your clothes," said Ermine crisply and made him sit in a chair.

"Lydia, would you give me a hand?"

"What!"

"It would be helpful if you unbuttoned this for me. My arm hurts so much I can't move it."

"You were moving it just fine a second ago!"

Why does a young girl in the first flush of her youth have to help a man take off his clothes?

She turned around her heels as she steamed in rage.

"If you keep joking around, I will pour a grateful amount of antiseptics on you."

Lydia glanced over at Edgar out of the corner of her eye as he was scolded by Ermine and replied 'Yes, yes, all right' and did as he was told and left the room with that.

I wonder if Ermine isn't that embarrassed with doing something like that.

Ermine seemed to be used to treating wounds, so most likely she must not mind if Edgar took off his clothes or not right in front of her.

Even if she was in the servant position to Edgar, Ermine appeared like she was allowed to say what she wanted, and so that made them look like they had a more relaxed, friendliness atmosphere between them.

Lydia carried that feeling ever since the first time she met the two of them.

In order to escape from Prince, Edgar was a leader in front of his comrade and friends and Ermine had said before that that solitary position made him alone. But, if he had friends or allies who he could open up his weakness to, then she guessed that someone would be Ermine.

During the time he was in the most pain and anguish, the one who most likely supported Edgar was Ermine.

When she thought about that, Lydia had the feeling she was becoming depressed.

Edgar asked Lydia if he could hold her, but she felt like his treatment of her was

careless and rough.

If it was Ermine, then she would answer him by putting her arms around him.

In this moment, in the room that Lydia came running out of, she imagined the sight of the two of them cuddling up next to each other, and dashed to her office.

She let out a sigh after realizing that she missed the opportunity to ask him to take off the ring.



"Lord Edgar, I have bad news," said Ermine as she wrapped a bandage around his shoulder and arm.

"Jimmy has disappeared."

Edgar immediately had a bad image run through his mind.

"What do you mean?" he questioned.

"He apparently was eavesdropping on the conversation between the adults. They were making a plan to sneak into the estate of Duke Barkston as servants so they could get information about his movements, but Jimmy went ahead without telling anyone."

"Then, he was captured?"

"It seems so. There was a fingernail-like object that was sent back to them, most likely from Ulysses. There is no way to determine if it is his or not," added Ermine.

In a drastically swift second, Edgar's mind went through numerous different ideas. But first, he wanted to verify something.

"Was that conversation the only one Jimmy heard?"

He asked that as he thought if Slade were to hear this, he would say Edgar was heartless.

"The one who knew about the most important information wasn't in the group Jimmy was listening to, so he shouldn't have heard anything about the plan."

But still, he might have found out that Edgar was the one who had the 'Nightmare.'

"Which means the problem at hand would be how Ulysses will use Jimmy from now."

That could be something of a problem which could cause friction between Edgar and the 'Scarlet Moon' members.

While there was a young boy who would jump into danger from his devotion to Edgar, on the other hand, there were elder members who were concerned about that.

Just as Slade had been saying, there might be quarrels that could arise within the organization.

Or that also could have been Ulysses' intention, and so there was still a possibility that he would brutally butcher up Jimmy in order to stretch the gap between the 'Scarlet Moon' and Edgar.

"Ermine, I want to rescue him somehow."

"I will gather information on where he might be held."

But, in the corner of his mind, there was a feeling like there would be no hope of they boy being alive after falling into the hands of Ulysses.

And yet, Edgar felt disgusted and loathed at himself for not getting disturbed or hysterical about that.

When it was the time with Jean, or anyone else, even the incident with Ermine, he wondered if there was something wrong with him for not being able to become disordered or lose his calm.

Quickly finishing wrapping the bandage, Ermine opened up a new, clean shirt. As he took it, he remembered, out of the blue, about how he asked Lydia if he could embrace her.

It wasn't enough. She wasn't opening up to him that easily.

At the start, he was only planning to keep her by his side without paying any attention to her feelings. If Edgar had Lydia with him, then he would be able to successfully continue being the Blue Knight Earl.

But, Lydia said his 'seriousness' wasn't love at all.

He considered his feelings as love so he couldn't understand what she meant.

And yet, if forcing himself on her appeared like he was being unfaithful from her perspective, then he came to the conclusion that he shouldn't pressure her for a simple kiss.

In regards to Lydia, it was true he was beginning to lose his confidence, but he

had no intention of giving up. There was no need to hurry.

It was just, he was annoyed at being unsatisfied, and that made him lose the steadiness in his heart, and then, he started to feel like everything wasn't going to go well, and that made him depressed.

Chapter 3 - Legend of royal family

Around the time when the moon had risen into the heavens, and the surface of the water shined with its moonlight, that bright light, that was like small sparkling crystals, was so strong it even brightened up the surface under the water.

Kelpie was at the very depths of the lake, and thought the shades of countless particles of light appeared like they were floating in the water.

The moonlit nights in London were one of the good things about this place. Kelpie popped his face above the water surface which was covered with the tree leaves that came falling down and creating small shadows to quietly gaze up at the moon.

(Hey, is it that way?)

(No, this way.)

(Ohh, which way?)

There were voices coming from the grassy bushes by the rocky bank of the lake. The shrubs rustled and shook.

Dam, there's noisy bunch out tonight. Kelpie tutted in irritation. Smelly and ugly goblins can pop out anywhere you go, but it was the first time he saw them in a place like this.

The tiny evil-hearted fairies were brown and had a squashed face. There were a kind who wore old rags or were completed naked, and there couldn't be anything good to happen when they gathered together.

Kelpie was the same Unseelie Court, but while he could change into a dignifying form of a magnificent horse, these goblins were like crawling maggots.

Even if they had similar characteristics, Kelpie wouldn't feel disgusted by hobgoblins or brownies, but he was irritated by goblins for just even existing.

He eyed them while he planned to stomp and squash them if they came anywhere near his territory.

(Hurry up and find it. We'll be scolded by Master.)

What are they looking for?

Just when he thought that, there was the loud splash of something dropping into water.

It seems like something fell into the lake. It turned out to be a small human child that was gasping for air at the surface.

(There it is.)

(Hurry, to the lake.)

He didn't want any filthy goblins to enter his lake. So, Kelpie created a rising wave around him and pushed the drowning child up back onto the bank.

He watched as the goblins hit and kicked the resisting child and pulled him back up from the lake, but came to think it might have been better for the sake of the child to be eaten by him, then to be captured by the likes of them.

But, now, I don't want any meat with the finger marks of a goblin.

"Help me...."

A small wrapped-up bundle fell out of the clothes of the young crying boy. It unraveled and something shinny rolled out of it and fell and sank down into the lake.

Chasing after it, Kelpie picked it up.

"Isn't this a diamond?"

When he went back up to the surface, he saw that there was a man approaching the little boy who was still crying, begging for his life by the bank of the water.

The man, who also looked like he was still young enough to be called a boy, had a unnaturally bitter, cruel smile on his face.

So, he's the master of the goblins. Kelpie kept watching.

"Boy, tell me who told you to do this?"

He sounded like he was asking in a gentle voice, but there was something threatening in his voice.

"Wh.....what are you talking about...."

"If you play innocent, you'll get your punishment. Wasn't this the man who handed you that parcel and told you to deliver it somewhere?"

After the young man said that, he threw something over towards the young

boy.

It seems like it was the head of some human. The boy froze from terror, unable to even let out a scream.

"He's the friend of Duke Barkston. Which means, is it the duke who was the one sneaking under my nose and trying to hide the diamond?"

"Di-diamond.....? But they said it was just a glass ball...."

Like he couldn't believe it, the man let out a sigh.

"What a pity, just because you happened to be the duke's errand-boy, you were taken advantage of. Any kid would easily believe that a diamond was a glass ball, so I guess there wouldn't be any danger of it being robbed. And to top it off, they had the nerve to think you would be able to sneak out with the diamond without me noticing."

Then, he ordered the goblins to search the boy.

(He has nothing with him, Master.)

"Where did you hide the diamond? Or, did you already hand it to someone? If you don't want to die, tell me what you know."

The master of the goblins kicked the boy without any mercy at all.

The boy couched in pain and murmured something under his breath.

"Hmm, so you were told to go to Charing Cross Station? Do you think someone would come there?"

The blond-haired young man shrugged his shoulders a little and turned around.

"They would be taking precautions now, so no one will show up."

The one who stepped up to the young man and answered was a creature covered in black fur.

"A black dog," gasped Kelpie. Then the dog immediately transformed into the form of a skinny young boy.

There weren't that many fairies who took the form of a dog. Even if they could be seen as the same dog fae, they each had different characteristics, with many of them being evil-natured and in most cases, feared by humans.

This human not only had goblins working for him but he also had a black dog under his control.

"There's a possibility that the duke is hiding somewhere in this vicinity. I guess I

can have the goblins search for him."

"What shall I do, Sir?" asked the black dog.

"Well, let's see. It would be entertaining to mess around with the Earl a bit more."

Earl? That word caught Kelpie's attention, but he let it pass since there was more than one Earl in this city.

"This errand boy, he has the similar appearance, age and height as you. Hey, Jimmy, how about I burn off his face and use his corpse as you and send it back to them?"

"That wouldn't be a bad idea, but if you do that, then I wouldn't have any more jobs to do."

"If you bring too much attention to yourself, then you might be noticed by that little chit. If it were now, they would still be able to believe you are this boy in their group."

The black dog in the form of a young boy made a grin on his ghostly white, pale face.

"No worries. Well, I admit I thought I was done-for when I suddenly met her, but she was just an easily distracted girl who didn't even notice such a detail once I vexed her."

"Then, you better continue acting as Jimmy and pretend to be human for a little while longer. Go ask for help from one of the men working for the Earl. He's sure to be cautious of you, but that would create a fall-out between him and his group. I'm sure he's making them search for the whereabouts of Duke Barkston, so if I go and expand the maze and drag them all in it, then I'll be able to get rid of them all at once."

"Understood, Sir. Please let me use that errand boy."

When the man nodded, the black dog gave an order to the goblins and had them carry away the boy.

And then, the man shifted his eyes over to the lake. He walked over to the water bank, probably because he thought there could be a chance the diamond he is after could have dropped somewhere near that spot.

"Hey, search inside the water," he ordered to the remaining goblins.

How annoying, felt Kelpie and rose up to hover above the surface in his form of a horse.

"Take one step inside my territory, and I'll crunch those goblins of yours and ripe your head off."

"Kelpie, a water horse....," whispered the young startled man. The goblins all shrieked out loud and made off in a run in the opposite direction.

"Why, why would a kelpie be in a place like this?"

"Where I am, is my choice. Hurry up and scram."

When he glared at the young man with his black pearl eyes, the man seemed to be cautious, but wasn't quick to back off.

"Did that kid drop a stone here just earlier?"

"How dare all of you disturb me when I was enjoying looking at the moon."

"It's a stone that is meaningless for a kelpie. If you're able to find it for me, then I'll prepare delicious-looking women for you every night."

That was a tempting offer, but if Lydia found out, she would cut her ties with him, so he fought against the urge.

"Shut up. Don't ever come near my territory again."

Kelpie made a huge violent splash and disappeared under the water.

It was true; a diamond had no appeal to a kelpie and it was the same as a pebble at the bottom of the lake to him. However, for most humans, this was something they had a particular taste for.

He held up the clear diamond to draw in the twinkling moonlight, shining in through the bubbles in the water, helping it create a rainbow of different colors.

It was the same size as that black diamond. If it were this, then Lydia might like it.

He recalled her saying something like she wanted a diamond.

When he realized that, Kelpie suddenly began to feel this diamond had more value than one of the pebbles at the bottom of the lake.



The place that Lydia sneaked into was the butler's office of Tomkins.

It was the butler's duty to manage the earnings of the estates and savings of the

Ashenbert family. She came up with the idea that there may be some kind of record of who Edgar could have sold off or gave the diamond to.

If he was going in and out of a harem, then there should be some kind of clue of the address of that business.

Using the time when Tomkins was out of the building, Lydia searched the room, but when she realized that the pile of paperwork, which showed no signs of ever being organized was covering the desk, she gave up.

"Is something the matter, Miss Carlton?"

Lydia whipped herself around in a fury to face that voice. Raven was standing there.

"Mr. Tomkins will be returning in the afternoon, do you have business that needs hurry?"

"Eh, no, uh....., oh, yes, there is paperwork that I asked him to help me with. It's a written petition from one of the Earl's estates; they said they needed the permission from the Earl to make a pathway for the fairies....."

Even though she was in a panic, Lydia managed to come up with something related to work as her excuse.

"When did you ask him for that?"

"I think, it could have been three days ago."

Raven walked over to the desk and pulled out a sheet of paper from the pile.

"Here you go."

It had today's date and already had Edgar's signature.

".....Thank you, uh, it's amazing you were able to find it in that mess."

"It is not a mess. This is the perfect condition for Mr. Tomkins."

"O-oh, so it is. Well, I could understand it if it was him who found it, but it's surprising that you knew its location."

"That is because I am learning how to work as a butler."

"What, you're going to be a butler?"

"If it is anything that will be useful to Lord Edgar, then I'll learn anything."

When she thought about it, Raven was only taught how to kill anyone who was close enough in his reach in the beginning. Lydia only knew the Raven who understood the proper behavior and conducts as Edgar's valet, but that part

must have been what he learned after he met Edgar.

He might have started to want to learn more for Edgar's sake who became Earl, because in the future, when their war with Prince would end, his fighting skills would become meaningless.

Lydia felt that if he was pursuing to learn something new and be happy about that, then he just might be one step ahead of Edgar in becoming free from Prince.

"I see, I hope you're successful."

Raven's expression didn't change, as usual, but she thought she saw him smile just a crack.

"Is there anything else you need?"

Raven opened up the door, and he must have naturally held it open for her, but since she didn't show any signs of leaving, he must have asked that question.

It would be awkward for her to stay in Mr. Tomkins' room. But, there was something that Lydiawanted to know.

Oh, no, what should I do, she panicked.

"Uh, Raven, where's his harem?"

Still hesitant, she asked anyway.

Raven was unsure how to answer. Even if she couldn't see the change in his expression, Lydia was able to tell he was unsure, because of his complete silence.

Now that she could recall, Raven had the complete firm belief that Lydia was Edgar's fiancée. He must consider her as the next important person after his master. Which means, he wouldn't be able to ignore me?

This might be mean of me, she thought, but Lydia went on anyway.

"Isn't there a business that Edgar goes to quite frequently?"

Was he feeling it be rude to ask back a question in order to find out what the fiancée of his master's intention was in her questioning that?

"It is the Madam Eve Palace on Charing Cross."

As soon as he answered, he must have not wanted her to ask him anything more, as he swiftly disappeared, as if escaping from her.

And so, one hour later, Lydiawas standing in front of Madam Eve Palace.

It was a building that almost looked like a noble's mansion with a marvelous, grand gate guarding the front.

Maybe because it was during the day, but there were no signs of people going in or out of the building.

Lydia climbed over the fence and headed around to the back of the building and looked for the backdoor.

"Young lady, are you not going to enter from the front door?" asked the coblynau who she brought along with her.

She couldn't allow the cursed diamond to be as it was. Edgar didn't show any signs of being worried about it, but if it was to be left un-dealt with, then terrible things were bound to happen, so Lydia brought along Coblynau so that this fairy would be able to calm down the power of the cursed diamond.

In no way, was she thinking about meeting the harem princess and do something to her.

She was also in a dangerous position, so if Lydia could talk to her, she was sure the two of them could come to an understanding.

But, I wonder if she's very beautiful.

So why would she be sense her motivation withering away when she thought about something like that.

"Places like this won't give you a warm welcome if you suddenly appear at their front door," said Nico acting like the senior fairy.

But, it was true what Nico said. That's why Lydia borrowed uniform from a maid who worked at the Ashenbert mansion.

Maid clothing should look similar at any place. She wasn't sure what exactly a harem or whatever it was, looked like, but it was sure to be a place that hired a load of workers, so she guessed that if she pretended to be a maid, then she could sneak in successfully.

"But, I cannot understand why the young lady, who is going to be the wife of the Earl, would need to enter through the backdoor like a servant."

"More importantly, what's the reason for you to have to come to a place like this?" asked Nico.

"Would you be quiet for a while? And, Coblynau, you absolutely, cannot, by any

means, reveal to the woman in the harem that I'm the fiancée of the Earl."

"Why is that?"

"Just because."

Anyway, if it was the coblynau, then he should be able to revert the diamond back to its harmless state. Since she had the perfect fairy for the job, Lydia felt she needed to do something about this situation as a Fairy Doctor.

From behind the corner of the building wall, she peeked around to check on the back door as she swiftly put on the apron and white cap.

Just then, a maid came out the back door, and Lydia watched her go around the corner towards the street and then rushed to the open back door and slipped into the building.

Inside was quiet. She would periodically walk past another maid, but they went by her in hurry, so no one ended up paying any attention to Lydia.

"Young lady, I feel the energy of a jewel. It's this way."

The coblynau went ahead and lead the way.

He was a fairy skilled in finding where minerals were buried.

After they passed through a door way at the end of a corridor, the grade of the interior suddenly changed.

It was a hall with a magnificent, bright chandelier hanging from the ceiling and statues lined up against the wall, with high ceilings and long curving staircases that connected to the floor above.

The colorfully designed mosaics tiles covering the entire floor added an irregular feel to the symmetric design, making visitors feel like they were suddenly thrown into a dream.

It wasn't just lavish but very man-made and the decorations confused visitors' senses.

"Such bad taste."

Nico, who was invisible ever since they entered the building, suddenly appeared out of nowhere to voice his opinion.

And then, he twitched his nose and started to wobble off in another direction.

"Wait, Nico, where are you going?" asked Lydia.

"I smell something delicious coming from this way."

"Oh, geesh....., you always go off on your own at times like this."

"Young lady, this way."

Lydia let Nico go, and followed the Coblynau deeper into the back of the building.

They passed by countless doors, and eventually the fairy stopped in front of a particular door.

"Is it here?"

Lydia softly and slowly opened the door.

The inside of the room was brightly decorated with gold and silver.

There didn't seem to be anyone in the room, so she stepped in.

However, Lydia noticed the shadow of someone behind a thin curtain on the other side of the room and panicked and nearly ran out.

But surprisingly, the person didn't show any response or signs like he or she was going to point out Lydia's mistake of entering the room. She recalled how noble people from the upper class don't pay attention to the entry or exit of servants, so she waited to see what the person would do.

She was able to tell that it was a woman beyond the thin curtain and sat leaning up against the arm of a sofa and it seemed like she was gazing at the golden bird that was set inside the birdcage hanging near her.

She's blonde?

That feature of the woman what the first thing Lydia became puzzled about. Lydia heard the rumored woman was a pagan princess, so she imagined that she would have black or dark colored hair. Lydia wasn't able to see the details of her face.

Pretending to wipe the silver lion statue, Lydia slowly tried to approach her.

Just then, the Coblynau went walking straight over to the curtain.

She didn't have a second to stop him. He wasn't able to be seen by normal people, but still, the tiny fairy boldly crawled under the curtain to the other side.

To top it off, the fae climbed up the woman's shoulder and let out a loud voice.

"Young miss, it's the cursed diamond. I found it, its right here!"

Lydia saw that the fae was trying to pull off the woman's necklace and rushed

over as quickly as she could.

"Stop that, Coblynau. That's rude!"

"There isn't anything rude about it. You should give a whack on the head to a mistress like this who would push aside the future wife of the family and act like she is some noblewoman...."

Lydia picked up the coblynau and covered its mouth.

"I-I'm terribly sorry.... There was a prank-loving fairy that just.... Uh, I'm not someone suspicious..."

At that point, Lydia finally realized that the woman in front of her hadn't move an inch.

"What, a doll?"

She was a wax doll made with immensely fine detail that no one would be able to tell it apart from a human, unless you paid attention to how she wasn't blinking.

"The woman in his harem was a doll?What does this mean?"

It was a beautiful doll. With golden hair and blue eyes, dressed in an oriental outfit, like one of the outfits from the illustrations of the Arabian knights, and on the layers of clothing overlapping each other, there were gold and jewel beads sown into them, which made the doll's whole outfit sparkle and twinkle from the light of the lamp.

"If a mistress gets this kind of treatment, like this dress and this room, then my lady would lose your standing. We need to have the Lord Earl put an end to this."

Instead of listening to Coblynau's mumble, Lydia was thinking hard about something.

If the owner of the cursed diamond was a doll, then like he said, its power would have no effect on her. But the reason why the power of the curse still lingered on Edgar was because the owner of the doll was Edgar.

Regardless, it was difficult to believe that he prepared this doll in order to keep away the curse of the diamond.

What if this was his image of the perfect woman? Lydia stared at the doll.

Even the sparkle released by the undaunted large diamond seemed defeated against her wonderful grace and elegance. When Lydia first saw the diamond, she wondered if there could be someone who this jewel would match, but there wasn't anything strange with this pairing, like the stone was hers in the first place.

Even the diamond looked pleased.

I knew it. The reason Edgar kept meddling with me was because it was just one of his whims.

The doll's beauty was that convincing, and she even came to think how the doll's unselfishness and harmless existence to others seemed like it could save Edgar's loneliness.

Because, even if he embraced this doll, she wouldn't try to run away like Lydia would.

"However, Miss, this diamond is the 'Nightmare."

"You know of it?"

"I was told about it from my Grandfather. Long ago, the Blue Knight Earl was asked by the King to repair a diamond. If one fails to take care of jewels like this, it would gather dark, evil powers, and easily be able to store a powerful curse. I recall there being another one in this pair, a large white diamond called 'Daydream."

Which means, this diamond could belong to the Royal Family.

"Regardless, are you able to take repair of this diamond?"

"I'll need to call and gather a large number of my friends. Even during my grandfather's time, I heard my whole clan had to go work on it in the Royal Castle."

If she could recall, the Coblynaus lived in the provinces of Wales. If he were going to call his kind, then that was something that was going to take some time. But, she couldn't allow herself to ignore this cursed diamond.

"Could you let your friends know about this?"

"In the meantime, my Lady, Bow should be able to hold down the curse. I would recommend for you to stay as close to the Earl as you can."

"What, this moonstone can do that?"

But, to be by Edgar, it's not like she could be by his side around the clock.

Just then, Lydia heard the sound of talking voices approaching.

There was the sound of the doorknob turning. Someone was coming in.

Lydia panicked and tried to hide, but her apron got caught on one of the sculptures and her hands landed on a large mirror hanging on the wall.

The mirror moved.

At the same time she fell down into a small hidden room behind the turning mirror, the door in the large room swung open.

The mirror must have been a turning door and it swung itself back into place. The glass that was supposed to be a reflecting mirror was just a transparent window, and it allowed her watch what was happening on the other side of the wall.

It looked like this was a hidden, secret room. She could only guess that it was made for people who wanted to eavesdrop on what was discussed in the large room.

She held her breathing and peered into the room beyond the glass, and saw that the ones who entered was Edgar and Raven.

"The duke has disappeared?" yelled Edgar.

"Yes. We are able to figure out that Ulysses is searching for him."

"So, he failed..."

"I believe so. He must have failed to move the 'Daydream' and so he needed to hide himself from Ulysses."

It seemed like they were talking about the other diamond that used to be with the Royal Family with that black diamond.

And, Ulysses? So he's also going after that diamond.

"Then, the Daydream has fallen into Ulysses' hands."

"We are not sure."

Edgar closed his eyes, and went into deep thought.

"We still have the black diamond in our hands."

What on earth was Edgar plotting now?

"We need to find out the whereabouts of the duke before Ulysses. Ulysses shouldn't know about the duke's harem here. And that the duke is obsessed

about a particular woman."

"So, you are saying that the duke will eventually show himself here."

"He'll come here and beg to Jean to save him. Keep your eyes open around this area."

Edgar looked over beyond the calico-printed colon curtain.

It seemed like that was the wax doll's name.

Raven bowed and left the room, and Edgar sat himself down on an ebony black chair and rested his chin in his hand and seemed to be thinking about something.

"Young Miss, I think you should go ahead and vent your anger out on him. Since you have him meeting his mistress."

Now didn't seem like that was the case.

"You need to make your relationship with him clear before your marriage, or there will be more troubles lying ahead."

"Be quiet, he'll find us."

Edgar looked over to their direction, like he noticed.

She wasn't allowed any time to react, as he immediately opened the mirror door. She tried to dash into the back of the small room, but he swiftly grabbed her arm.

"What are you doing?"

Since she was dressed like a maid, and was in a place like this, he was sure to think that she was jealous of the harem princess. Lydia tried to escape as she hid her face.

But, the more she struggled, the more she realized it was a mistake to hope he would let go.

Usually, Edgar would just be goofing around, but right now, he had just caught a woman who could possibly be his enemy's spy.

Just when she tried to swing away his arm, he twisted it around so tightly that it felt like her bones were going to snap. He restrained her from behind and grabbed her chin with his other hand.

Lydia had never felt her body as fragile and weak than at this moment.

If he were to tightened his grip just a little more, she felt he could snap her neck

and arm.

She let out a scream from the immense pain.

"No----! Let go! It hurts!"

He must have recognized her voice and swiftly let go in surprise and Lydia slumped down to sit on the floor.

"Lydia? Why are you...."

Tears came out of her eyes from pain and misery.

"I'm so sorry. I didn't think that it was you.Are you all right?"

"I'm not all right. It's horrible of you to inflict such violence on women!"

Lydia learned from her own experience, that even if it were a woman, that didn't matter to him as long as it was his enemy and that terrified her.

To begin with, she was already confused from things turning out not what she imagined, like this building and doll that was supposed to be a harem, and the Royal Family's diamond.

To top it off, she experienced immense pain inflicted by Edgar and that made her be filled with distrust towards him.

Right now, Edgar was kind to Lydia and treated her like his fiancée, but she remembered how he originally approached her in order to manipulate and take advantage of her.

Lydia did pity Edgar's life, including the heartless part of him which he needed to be in order to survive, but she also knew he wasn't a naturally cruel person, and that was why she wanted to help him as a Fairy Doctor.

But, in reality, she didn't know the truth about Edgar at all.

"Can you stand?"

He offered his hand to help her, but Lydia stood up on her own.

"To begin with, what is the meaning with that doll? Do you know that there's a rumor you've made a harem and are keeping a pagan princess in it? So that doll is your lover?"

"No, you're wrong, Lydia."

"She's beautiful and doesn't say one complaint, and that diamond looks wonderful on her, so this situation is perfect. Oh, yes, why not? From society's point of view, you would have strange tastes, but if it was a doll, then she

wouldn't be angry no matter how many other lovers you make, and nobody would get hurt, so this is just perfect for a flirt like you."

The pain in her arm was starting to go away, and yet for some reason, she couldn't stop crying. Lydia tried to hide that by wiping her eyes.

"What nonsense about calling me your fiancée. I'm not a doll! If you did something like this, I would be hurt...."

Huh?

Why am I feeling hurt?

He had a beautiful doll living in a marvelous room, and treated her like his lover....

Wearing such plain maid clothes and being in front of him when he was with such a finely dressed doll made her feel even more miserable.

To top it off, this scoundrel used violence on me.

That's why.

Is that why I feel hurt?

".....That's not what I meant, I-I just came to make sure who your lover was. Yes, that's right; I came because I just wanted to do something about that cursed diamond!"

"Lydia, calm down and let's talk."

"I'm perfectly calm. Besides, what do you really think of me? It seems like Ulysses is making his moves, and yet you don't let me know what's going on. So are you saying that you don't need the help of a Fairy Doctor? Is it because I'm unreliable? Then, I would like it, if you would not force me to stay by your side!" She turned her back to him and dashed off.

Edgar didn't stop her and that made her even more furious.

She should have stayed with him or handed Edgar the ring so that it would protect him from the curse of the diamond, but she had completely lost her calm, so she couldn't care about that at all.

"Hey, Lydia, this building is so strange. It's filled with dolls," said Nico who appeared next to Lydia as she came running into the hallway.

"Do the men in London play with dolls? In a room back there, there was a grown-up adult who was trying to seduce a doll, and another one who was preparing tea and pastries even though the thing can't possibly eat it. Although, I went ahead and ate it all while being invisible."

The owner of that doll was sure to be surprised.

"Which means, is the Earl here playing around with dolls as well? How disgusting."

When she was finally able to calm herself down and recalled the conversation he had with Raven, it started to seem like it was a different situation from that.

The doll's name was Jean? But, it seemed like Edgar had the doll prepared in order to lure out a man who the two of them were calling duke.

Who is Jean?

Was the doll just an imitation of an actual living person?

"And this place, I can hear the chanting voices of the goblins underground, digging a tunnel. I wonder if it's just a passage for them. This building is in such a bad location. Hey, Lydia, are you crying?"

Or maybe, Edgar's real lover, who looked exactly like that doll, was hidden somewhere else....?

She grew even more furious at why he would go and try to flirt with Lydia.

That low excuse of a man should just get into deep trouble from the curse of the diamond.

"I-I'm not crying at all. I tripped and fell over and it just hurts tremendously!"

She said that in a hurry as she took off her apron and cap and rushed out of the building through the back door.

"My Lord, when your affair is found out, you shouldn't go and do something rash like coming up with an excuse."

The invisible fairy had taken one feather accessory from the doll's veil and tried to show himself by waving it back and forth in front of Edgar.

".....Uhh, you were,"

"Coblynau."

"Oh, yes."

Because he didn't anticipate Lydia disguising herself as a maid and sneaking into here, Edgar was experiencing a small shock and was left standing in the doorway.

"The best thing to do is just keep apologizing."

"Did you give that kind of advice to one of the Blue Knight Earls in the past?"

"I have indeed. I just cannot understand why on earth human men would go and have an affair when they know what kind of storm they have to go through when their wives find out."

So the Ashenbert family tree had henpecked husbands.

"I have to ask you one thing; did Lydia come here because she was worried about the cursed diamond? Or to find out the truth behind my rumored affair?" If it was the later, then he thought he might have a chance.

"She came because of the cursed diamond. But, it is impossible for a lady not to be worried about the unfaithfulness of her fiancé. Well, I hear there are those kind of cold engagements within society."

That was the problem.

The positive feelings Lydia felt towards Edgar was under the categories of pity and kind meddling, and the root was her soft-hearted personality, so he wondered if her feelings had changed or grown into something different.

He had the feeling perhaps her feelings haven't changed.

And it looked like Edgar ended up making Lydia cry and hurting her.

He thought it would be easy to make their engagement official. When he spent his time with her on a daily basis, he felt he wasn't being disliked, so he thought that he would be able to pull it through somehow. Even in regards to the doll, if he just explained its reason, she might come to an understanding. And yet, Edgar let her run off because he also lost his calm composure.

Because he could still feel the twisting sound of the bone in Lydia's slender arm near braking and it made him loathe himself.



"Miss Carlton, what is the reason you have that on?"

The Duchess, Lady Masefield had noticed the thick bandage wrapped around Lydia's left ring finger and made a worried frown.

"Oh, this, I was just a little clumsy. It isn't anything serious."

Since the ring couldn't come off, hiding it was her last resort. By doing this, she would be able to carry on without causing anyone to become suspicious.

"Oh, my goodness. You bone isn't broken is it? It is your ring finger, so if your finger thickens, you won't be able to wear your wedding ring."

"I-I'm completely fine. And I don't have any plans to marry anyway," replied Lydia in a hurry.

She had been invited along with her father to the duchess'mansion today.

Her father's former teacher, who he respected, was the duke's cousin and was apparently paying a visit to London from Cambridge, so they were holding a very small tea party, and Lydia had come straight from the Ashenbert house to here, but it looked like her father had arrived before her.

"I'm so happy that Miss Carlton was able to attend today. When it's all scholars, you know how the conversation immediately turns to a technical topic, yes? That is much too boring for me."

Perhaps, because of that reason, Lydia was first guided to the drawing room of the duchess and saw how she looked to have been eagerly waiting for Lydia as she closed the book she was reading.

The duchess escorted Lydia and they headed to the salon. As they walked, the duchess made a pleasant smile like she had just remembered something.

"So, you still don't have any intention of marrying. Ha-ha, it is such a spoil for me to be the only one to know that Lord Ashenbert is having such a difficult time."

"Uh, Your Grace...."

"No worries, I won't say a word of this to anyone. But, would you let me ask just one question?"

The lady whispered to her "What part of him are you unhappy about?" It was like she was enjoying a secret conversation with her.

"I prefer someone who can seriously love and treasure just one person."

"Yes, well, that is quite a challenge for the Earl."

"Uh, even from Your Grace's point of view, don't you think what kind of joke is it that Edgar would go and propose to me?"

"I don't think he would ask me the favor to chaperone you as a joke." Well, that's true.

"But, still, I in turn, would like to know what to do so he would give up the idea

of marrying me."

"If that's what you want, then it isn't difficult at all. Don't you think he would give up if you loved someone else?"

Something like that would work? thought Lydia.

"If I fell in love with someone, then I'm afraid he would just go cause trouble to that person. I'm sure he would try to drive off the man by pulling some strings behind my back or use pranks or harassments."

"Oh, he would never," laughed the lady.

That's because she don't know his true nature.

Even if he was of noble birth, he wasn't an innocent rich boy. If it was necessary, he would use any foul, despicable kind of measure to get his way.

But, because he had that fragile dangerousness in him, Lydia was aware that she wasn't able to strictly rebuff him, and turned her eyes away.

There were times when she felt pity for him and she knew there wasn't that major of a problem in his personality.

Or was there something wrong with his personality? Putting that aside, she couldn't allow herself to grow romantic feelings for him.

In the salon, there were three men in the middle of a lively conversation sitting around a table.

Lydia paid her greetings to the Duke Masefield and the respected teacher of her father who sat next to him.

"Carlton's young daughter? Why, how big you've grown."

"It has been such a long time since I saw you last, Professor Browning," greeted Lydia.

"How big is not the way you should greet a young lady. You should have remarked on how beautiful she has become."

When the plump duke made that correction, the round-faced professor laughed out loud.

"Indeed. I'm pleased she didn't grow up to look like Carlton."

"I agree," said her father.

Since Lydia didn't really resemble either one of her parents, she grew up being called a changeling, so she was envious of children who looked like their

parents.

"But Professor Carlton and Miss Carlton do share a resemblance," added the duchess.

"Is that true, Your Grace?"

"How should I say it, the air they carry about themselves," said the duchess with a soft smile.

"I wonder if that's pleasing to the young lady. My daughter hates how she's come to resemble me."

"Oh, no, I'm very happy."

When Lydia said that with a serious face, for some strange reason, everyone burst out laughing.

"By the way, everyone, what kind of topic were you talking about?" asked the duchess.

"Of course, about stones, Your Grace."

"What a hard topic."

"Then, we have a story about a jewel that even women might enjoy?"

"What sort of jewel?"

"Since we have two mineralogists here, then they should be able to answer any kind of question."

Lydia was asked by the duchess what kind of gems she liked, and she spoke the name of the first thing that came to her mind.

"Uh, how about diamonds?"

Wasn't this the perfect chance to find out about the Royal Family's diamond?

"I knew it; women are only interested in diamonds."

"If you want to make sure if the diamond your lover sent you is real, then I could appraise it for you. Since that might be a difficult thing to ask of your father."

When Professor Browning made a joke like that, Lydia noticed her father looking back at her nervously, so she panicked.

"Oh, no, that's not it. I just wanted to find out about the diamond that's said to belong to the Royal Family, the 'Nightmare' and the 'Daydream'."

Everyone made glances to each other.

"Lydia, where did you hear about that?"

"Uhh, just something that came up with some fairies,"

"You must mean the legendary large pear-shaped diamonds. I think I've heard that the one who possessed the black diamond and the white diamond is said to become the greatest King or something like that....." said the duke, breaking the silence.

Carlton nodded.

"It's not exactly well-known how long ago the Royal Family owned them, but originally, they were separately owned by different feudal lords, and then they eventually ended up in the care of the royal family. When James the 6th from the Stuart family ascended the throne as James I, the King of England, I heard that they had the two diamonds cut into the same shape. I guess they wanted them to be memorial tokens of when he ascended to the throne of two countries."

"Then, Father, was it the King who made the legend that surrounded the diamonds at that time?"

"Just by existing, diamonds had the tendency to create legends about themselves, young Miss. If it were the queen of jewels, and such a high-quality and rareness large diamond, then only the supreme rulers would be allowed to get their hands on them. And so, the success and failures of their owners was said to be determined by the magic of the diamond, and that rumor continued and remained as a legend."

"But, the two diamonds aren't with the Royal family right now, are they?"
Because one of them is worn by Edgar's harem doll, and Raven is currently investigating if Ulysses has the other.

"I hear that it was lost during the chaos of the Revolution era."

"There is a famous theory that James II had taken it with him when he fled to France."

"But, some years ago, wasn't there news that one of the diamonds was discovered again and it became an article in the papers. They said it was found in the hiding courters of a gang of thieves who were arrested in Rome."

"That was the white diamond, Daydream. And yet, it was stolen once again."

"What! Is that true?"

"It was debated that Her Royal Highness the Queen's dignity was damaged, and suspicions if it really was the one, and gossip and press about it in the papers."

"Yes, just because of that one diamond, I heard that a certain duke of a noble family was suspected."

It seemed like the two scholars were unaware of that, as they looked curiously towards the duchess.

"Was suspected, as in?"

"Anticipating that the exiled King would one day return, it was rumored that he took the jewel with him to eventually use as proof to ascend back to the throne."

"Which means, the one who has both of the diamonds claims to be the descendant of the exiled King, a war could erupt between the present Royal Family."

"But, there shouldn't be any direct living descendants of James II anymore."

"It is just only a rumor," reminded the duchess.

"Do you mean that duke was believed to be involved in the plot of Rebellion and stole it?"

Hearing 'duke,' Lydia suddenly had a bad feeling stir inside her.

"I heard that the noble who was entrusted in bringing back the diamond was Duke Sylvainford, as he happened to be in Rome at that time."

Oh, no, thought Lydia, gulping down.

Learning about Edgar's true birth was still a fresh memory in Lydia's mind: that Edgar, who lost his family and name was the only son of the Duke of Sylvainford family, before his entire family was killed by Prince and his men, and society believed that Edgar had also died.

"But, it seemed like the diamond was stolen from the Duke during his voyage back, and he was forced to take responsibility."

"However, isn't the responsibility of the stolen diamond and the suspicion that he was the thief a completely different matter?"

"Yes, of course. Only, because it disappeared without leaving a trace, it was suspected to be the work of someone from the inside. In reality, the Duke was

not held guilty and an irresponsible rumor was just created....But not long after that, the duke family's manor house burned down, and the duke and the rest of his family all died. Even if it was just an accident, it was heavily rumored amongst the peerage that it was a rebellion or a conspiracy, but in the end, it just finished with a painful ending."

Lydia tightened her hands together into a ball on her lap and took a small breath.

Edgar was searching for the diamond that had disappeared at that time. Most likely, because of Prince.

If Prince had once gone after the 'Daydream,' then Edgar must have guessed Prince would search for the 'Nightmare' as well, and so Edgar might be giving Prince a challenge.

In order to capture the culprit who sert his father into a trap and to recover the white diamond.

If so, then what was the purpose of that beautiful doll?

Chapter 4 - Crissed crossing feelings

On that night, when Lydia left the duke residence, she said to her father that she had forgotten something at the Ashenbert house and got onto a hackney by herself.

However, she didn't head to the Ashenbert house, but to a studio.

When her hack arrived to Paul's new room in a boarding house that he had just moved into, she was told by the old housekeeper that his room was the corner on the second floor and so she took the liberty and went upstairs.

She knocked his door, but there was no reply. Since the housekeeper told her he should be in his room, Lydia guessed that he must be focused on his painting, so she stubbornly pounded on the door.

".....Lydia? What happened?"

He finally opened the door, and whipped his paint stained hands on his trousers as he looked at Lydia with a surprised face.

"There's something I want to discuss with you. Would you let me inside?"

"What? Uh---, I live alone, so it's not a good idea for a young daughter to be in a room alone with a man...."

"What would happen if we're alone?"

"Eh, oh, nothing," he replied.

Paul made a troubled laugh as he scratched his head.

She knew she was troubling him, but there was something she really needed to ask him, so they could only talk in a private space. And besides, Lydia was convinced that no matter who thought about it, nothing bad would happen from her being alone with Paul.

"Excuse me."

She forced herself into his room.

"Please tell me. What is Edgar plotting? You know, don't you?"

Paul was mulling over whether he should keep the door open, but he must have decided that it would be dangerous for anybody to hear Lydia's question, and

so he quietly closed the door.

"I think it would be best for you to ask the Earl himself."

"He'll just avoid it. And besides, I don't feel like talking to Edgar."

"Why is that?"

"Isn't Ulysses on the move right now? He's a person who can use fairy magic. I was hired as a Fairy Doctor, and yet I'm not needed?"

"That's because Ulysses doesn't seem to making any moves on us right now. When it turns to the time we need your help, I think the Earl would come and explain everything to you. And I have the feeling he wants to keep you away from danger as much as he can."

So he's also on Edgar's side.

But still, she figured Paul would be able to consider Lydia's position than Raven or Ermine could, who was extremely loyal to their master, and so she decided to come here.

That's right, even if I'm told it's for my sake, I can't agree to something like that. "I went to the harem."

Paul's face suddenly looked disturbed.

"I found the wax doll that was wearing the black diamond.No, that doesn't matter. Anyway, isn't Prince looking for that black diamond and its white diamond pair?"

He made an even more disturbed expression.

"A number of years ago, only the white diamond was found in Rome and even though it was going to be brought back to England, it was stolen, I heard that Edgar's father was suspected for doing it. Isn't Edgar trying to set a trap to capture the culprit who worked for Prince and stole the diamond at that time? The true culprit, the man who is called duke is a frequent customer of that harem, isn't he?"

Paul let out a sigh, as if to forfeit, since she figured out everything.

"Yes, that's right. At the time when the white diamond was stolen, Duke Barkston had participated in the mission to visit Rome along with Duke Sylvainford. The earl had given hints of the pair black diamond in front of Duke Barkston, and make him steal out the white diamond that he had been taking

care of to present to Prince, by making the duke think that this was a perfect chance to out smart Prince and get his hands on both of the diamonds."

But, Ulysses stood in his way."

"To tell the truth, it seems Ulysses has taken Jimmy hostage."

"What, that young boy?"

"That's why the Earl isn't able to take any drastic measures, and so, while we keep our eyes on the enemy's movements, we're currently thinking what our next move should be."

So that was why he wanted to say to Lydia to not but her head into their affairs right now.

"Can you tell me one more thing? What kind of woman is Jean to Edgar?"

"Jean? Oh, one of his past allies, a girl that died for the sake of hiding the black diamond."

"She died? Was she his lover?"

Lydia must have been looking up at him with a grave expression. When Paul realized that, he swiftly waved both his arms.

"Oh, no, that would be impossible. She was a black girl and seemed to be quite young."

Huh, black? Wait, what's going on?

So, then that would mean that the wax doll doesn't represent her.

"I don't think it's that Jean."

"....Oh, yes, the other lady also had the name Jean."

"Are there two Jeans that are important to him?"

"Uhh, her name is Jeanmary. The little black girls had apparantely asked the Earl to give her a name of a woman who was special to him, and so she was given the same name."

"A special woman? So, Jeanmary really was Edgar's lover?"

"But, Lydia, that shouldn't be something that should worry you...."

"Why,"

Lydia's mind had become completely confused.

She hated herself for not knowing anything about Edgar. There were two Jeans that were special to him?

She couldn't stop herself for letting her emotions spill out on Paul.

"Why hasn't Edgar said anything of this to me?"

"That's because, he is worried about you, and,"

"No, he isn't. He's sure to be thinking that he could just use me when it's convenient for him. Because he's saying that I should shut up when he doesn't have the energy, right?"

"No, that isn't,"

"Because, he doesn't listen to me no matter how much I warn him. It's dangerous to keep on having that cursed diamond with him. Even if it was for revenge.... If he doesn't intend to listen to my opinions, then there's no point in keeping me here as his Fairy Doctor."

"It can't be helped about that diamond. And we need for just a little while longer anyways."

"What if something were to happen during that time?"

If it was him, then he deserved it, but Lydia realized that she was terrified of that happening.

Edgar wasn't ever scared of losing his life.

He wasn't in love with Lydia, and that's why it didn't trouble him to do dangerous things even if she was worried for him.

And because Lydia felt frustrated, and as she wanted to help Edgar, she ended up doing selfish things on her own.

She quickly becomes emotional, and forgot about the Coblynau's warnings and left Edgar all by himself.

If it was the moonstone ring, then it had the power to protect him from the curse.

Oh, no, she suddenly was filled with worry.

What if something happened to Edgar while she was doing this?

Lydia tried to stand up, but she caught her foot on one of the art supplies that was lying around on the floor and nearly fell over.

She grabbed ahold of Paul's arm that he reached out to her.

"Are you all right?"

She could smell the turpentine oil, and the thought that he was different from

Edgar came to her mind.

He was different from him who was surrounded by noblewomen who carried the aromas of perfume with them. If it was her father, then he would have the smell of fine particles of crumbled stone and dust and medicine.

If this was the true colors of men, then Edgar was the worst of them all.

But, she knew of the part of him that had on only the smell of freshly washed shirt. What is going on for her to be frequently close in close proximity to him to be able to notice something like that?

"I'm not adorable or attractive, aren't I?"

Because that those kind of times, Lydia should be glaring at him most of the time.

"Huh? Y-.....you aren't at all."

"Please don't try and push yourself. I've been made a fool of by Jimmy so many times."

"Uh, what I said to Jimmy really wasn't something that I wanted to be polite about,"

"I wouldn't be attractive at all. Since I'm hard-headed and difficult to handle. I understand that even if a woman wasn't beautiful, as long as she smiled, she'd look like she had an adorable side to her. But, I'm not able to do that, so I came here wanting to do what I'm able to do. And yet, when I get worried, or take actions which I thought were for the sake of good, does that come out as causing trouble for Edgar? If he doesn't need a Fairy Doctor, then why is he so fixed on marriage? He isn't even serious and yet goes around calling me his fiancée, how heartless is it of him to enjoy throwing me around like that. If it was like this, then I can't rest easy and come to feel for him...."

Lydia kept on spilling out what was bottled up inside her as she leaned up against Paul who didn't know what to do.

"Paul, it's dangerous of you to not lock the door," said a voice by the doorway.

"M-my lord..... Oh, no, this is nothing...."

Paul swiftly let go of Lydia and Lydia also rushed to step away from him, but her foot caught on another painting tool.

Did he hear me just now?

From pain and embarrassment, Lydia felt her face turn red and quickly turned away.

"This isn't what you think, my lord. I had no intention like that, Lydia just wobbled over and I...."

Even if he didn't want to be taken under the wrong impression, Lydia thought he didn't have to go and deny it that hard and it made her depressed.

"I had presumed that."

Edgar walked over to Lydia and tried to lean down to look into her face, and so she went on further into the darker part of the room.

"Lydia, you're adorable. More than anybody else."

"I don't care about something like that."

"You can rest easy and grow to love me."

"That was just a figure of speech!"

She was driven into the corner of the room, and so had no choice but turn her face down.

"Lydia, we need to talk."

"Don't keep on meddling with me. There shouldn't be any meaning for you to keep me by your side even when I'm so useless. Why don't you go and propose to your precious lover?"

"You're my only lover."

There was no way she could believe that.

"That's Jeanmary!"

She didn't know why, but Edgar let out a tired sigh. And that made her even more furious.

"Now, Lydia, that building is a place that's rumored to be a harem, so naturally, I didn't want to reveal that to you. Because you already see me as a flirt, I didn't want you to have the wrong impression."

"Well, I don't care at all."

"No, you shouldn't not care. I was hiding something from you, and that was wrong of me. So, I'll explain everything to you..."

"It's all right, you don't have to force yourself and tell me! More than that, I want you to take off this ring."

Lydia unraveled the bandage around her finger and held out her fist in front of him.

"The coblynau said that if this ring was by your side, then you would be under its protection that will ward off the power of the curse. So don't let Kelpie find out and keep it with you."

Did Edgar feel frustrated at Lydia's attitude of not allowing him to speak even one word?

He crossed his arms and looked down at Lydia and said "No, I don't want to."

"You can wear it and be by my side together," he added.

"I wouldn't want that even more!"

"I'll force you to come home with me," he threatened.

Just when she heard him say such a competitive remark, he kissed Lydia's fist that she was still holding out in front of her.

Why is he always acting like this?

He easily did something like this even if it grated against Lydia's nerves.

It was also her fault for being so stubborn and staying so obstinately unwilling, but Lydia was so blind to her own faults, that she was still confused at why she was being so irritated and shook away her hand.

".....I'll never again go and worry about somebody like you!"

Before he was able to take her home, she dashed out of Paul's room.



She hasn't seen the coblynau ever since she went with him to the harem. Most likely, the fae had gone to call its friends so that they could take care of the black diamond.

Nico was no where in sight. Lydia had no idea where he was and what he was doing, but he had the frequent tendency to not come home for days after he discovered something enjoyable, so she wasn't worried.

Lydia was in the garden gathering hawthorn berries that could be used to ward off evil spirits just when it started to rain lightly.

"Miss Carlton, you will get wet."

Raven held out a shawl for her.

"Did Edgar tell you to do that?"

He remained silent, perhaps because she guessed right.

Because Lydia hadn't been hiding the fact that she was avoiding Edgar since this morning, it looked like he was using Raven as the in-between.

That's not going to put me in a good mood, thought Lydia.

"Please accept it."

"Please tell him I don't need it. More importantly, Raven, weren't you yelled at by Edgar? For revealing to me of Madam Eve Palace."

He couldn't keep any secrets from Edgar, so if he was asked by his master, then he was sure to answer honestly.

"He said if you would accept this, then he would forgive me."

Wha-what a nasty scoundrel.

But, she gave up when she saw the desperate eyes of Raven, which easily let her see how determined he was in making sure she accepted the shawl, no matter what.

"....I'm sorry. You went through such a troublesome experience because of me."

"I didn't feel troubled at all. Lord Edgar is periodically unreasonable because he urges me to put my efforts into thinking for myself, since I can only act when given orders."

What a convenient interpretation he came up with.

His twisted personality is just unreasonable, is what it is.

But, Lydia didn't want to throw cold water on Raven's feelings of trust and loyalty he had towards Edgar.

Because the unreasonable and half-hearted and frivolous part of him seemed like it was actually helping Raven's conscious be released into independence.

That's why she surrendered by taking the shawl and wrapping it around herself.

"Today's a little colder than usual."

"Yes, since it is the turn of the season where it suddenly turns cold. I will make sure to put fire in the hearth."

When his business was over, he was quick to leave.

He probably didn't want to be troubled if Lydia were to question him something again.

I should head back as well, thought Lydia and passed through the garden and

under the tree doorway.

Then she heard the talking voices of Edgar and Ermine from the openwindowed terrace.

"The servant of the duke's?"

There was no particular reason, but Lydia hid herself.

"It seems he was found collapsed by the side entrance of Mr. Slade's club. We were able to find out his identity from one of the 'Scarlet Moon' members investigating about the Duke Barkston family, who thought the male servant's face looked familiar, but the letter the boy was gripping in his hand was written by Jimmy begging for help."

"Were you able to find out the location where Jimmy is held captive?"

"It is somewhere near the White Chapel."

"And, how about the young boy?"

"It seems like he was put through a horrible beating, so he isn't in any condition to answer questions."

"So, Jimmy might also be getting the same treatment."

Edgar appeared like he was in pain, like he was the one being tortured. And yet, what came out of his mouth next was surprisingly cruel.

"There's a possibility that the letter could be Ulysses'trap. What reason would there be for a boy to go through a near-death experience in order to save Jimmy? Because Jimmy is a petty thief that snuck into the duke family's house and got captured, right?"

She imagined that he wanted to go and rescue him immediately, but Edgar wasn't someone who could be moved by his emotions. That's why he sometimes appeared like a cold liar. Lydia still didn't know what he was really feeling in his core.

"Mr. Slade says he will still go and rescue the boy and has led a group of his men from the 'Scarlet Moon' on the move."

"Slade, huh. He is at the top of the group that doesn't like how I work."

Edgar seemed a little stumped as he tried to think of something.

"Oh, yes, I've heard Jimmy is an orphan from the slums and had been stealing all the time. Then he came to admire the 'Scarlet Moon' which was like Robin

Hood's gang of thieves and he came offering his skills in stealing and so Slade let him join."

"That is what I also heard."

Edgar thought about something even harder.

"Is there something that is bothering you?" asked Ermine.

"No, I just can't get a clear picture about this. Ermine, it might be a trap and it's definitely dangerous, but would you go along with the 'Scarlet Moon' group?" Ermine nodded and was about to leave, but she stopped like she had remembered something.

"Shall we discuss this with Miss Carlton?"

"Why," asked Edgar.

"If it were the case of Ulysses' trap, then there would be a chance he would be using fairies. There is a possibility that something unexpected and unimaginable might happen."

"Ermine, what about you? Can't you see fairies now that normal people aren't able to see?"

She titled her head to the side like she was slightly troubled.

"I do see them, but I do not have the knowledge regarding fairies."

".....I see."

In the end, it only appeared like Edgar's decision in discussing with Lydia was out of the question.

Before she realized it, Lydia had left the Ashenbert house and was walking along the side of the street.

The soft sprinkle falling down in-between the faint, dark clouds wasn't that heavy enough to be called rain, but time had passed so much that her hair and clothing was completely soaking wet.

Lydia had let the shawl fall and arrived at the park and sat down on a bench.

"What on earth am I doing?"

Last night, Edgar had said he will tell her everything, but Lydia was the one who didn't want to listen.

And yet, she felt like she was being kicked out of the circle by him.

It was sure that Edgar wasn't going to want advice from Lydia. Since he was

thinking that Ermine, a fairy, would be able to replenish the aid that Lydia could provide.

Her eyes fell down to the ring on her finger that was feeling like a nuisance, and she struggled with the unnecessary effort to take it off.

No matter how much strength she put in her grip and pulled, it didn't budge.

Lately, she felt like all her efforts were going around in pointless circles, and now she was starting to not be able to tell what she wanted from Edgar or what she wanted to do.

"What are you doing?" asked a tall shadow looking down at her from above.

Lydia turned her head up while she flinched back in caution.

"Kelpie...."

"You sure have on quite a glum look," he said and then grabbed Lydia's cheeks with both hands and pushed the sides of her lips up to force a smile.

"Wh.....at are you doing!"

"I thought I could make you smile."

"Leave me alone."

"Lydia, I'll show you something you'll sure to like."

Kelpie pulled Lydia up with both arms to make her stand.

She had no idea what he was planning, but it seemed fun.

"Didn't you want something like this?"

The object that Kelpie proudly hanged in front of Lydia's eyes was the jeweled necklace.

"A diamond. It's real."

Huh, gasped Lydia and grabbed Kelpie's hand to take a closer look.

It was a large pear-shaped crystal-clear diamond that sparkled in an array of rainbow colors.

"Th-this is...."

It had the same size and cut as that black diamond 'Nightmare' and the design of the necklace was exactly the same as well.

Oh my goodness, could this be the other pair 'Daydream'?

"What did you do? How did you get this?"

At Lydia's pressuring voice, Kelpie made a dubious face.

"I picked it up."

"It isn't something that's normally lying around somewhere!"

"There were some goblins in the area. And they dropped this."

They were small fairies that were evil-natured. They loved to trouble people and pull pranks, but if they were to have dropped this, then they weren't just any normal goblin.

She had a feeling that Ulysses was the one who controlled them.

"Hey, was there a master of the goblins?"

"There was. He was young, and he didn't flinch when he saw me and stood his ground."



She was sure it was Ulysses.

"Hey, Lydia, don't say something senseless like returning it to its owner. Because I don't think the master of those goblins was a decent owner himself. I'm sure he had stolen it from somewhere."

He may be right about that.

As Lydia thought about it, she looked back and forth from Kelpie to the diamond.

Kelpie thinks that Lydia wants this diamond. It seems like he just happened to pick this up and he wanted to make Lydia happy.

Lydia said she wanted the diamond only because she wanted to test Edgar, so it wasn't like she really wanted it. And besides, she was not fit for this diamond.

But, if she had this, then Edgar would be able to prove his father's innocence to society.

If he returned it along with the black diamond to the Royal family, then Ulysses and Prince won't be able to get their hands on it.

Would he really give it to her?

She glanced up to him to try to see what he might be thinking, but Kelpie put the necklace over Lydia's head and settled it down around her neck.

He then inspected her and then tilted his head.

"Wouldn't a white clover look better on you?"

Is that supposed to mean I'm not sufficient to wear the diamond?

"Oh, well. If you like it, it's yours."

"Yo-you're giving it to me?"

"In exchange, how about, cancelling your engagement with him and returning to Scotland?"

Kelpie made a delightful grin.

Well, there was no way he would give it away freely.

Oh, no, what should I do, thought Lydia.

It was a diamond that Edgar really wanted. He might just agree to annul their engagement.

But Kelpie figured that if it was those conditions, then Lydia would accept.

It was true, if he was asking her to leave the human realm right now and marry him, then she couldn't nod to that, but if it was just returning to Scotland, then to Lydia, that just meant she was going to return to her previous lifestyle.

Kelpie must have thought if he was able to spend time with Lydia in the peaceful countryside like before, then he would be satisfied.

"It's not like you really want to marry that man, right? I can understand that you want to work as a Fairy Doctor and stay in the human world. But if you are just engaged to him just so you can void the promise to live with me, then let's just return everything back to a blank slate. This situation you're in, it's unnatural." Most likely, it was just as Kelpie said.

Lydia should put back everything to as it was before, and after that, she should think about her future.

This situation, of not knowing Edgar's true intentions, and become jealous and thrown around and having her feelings become jumbled up, was unnatural.

"I'll bring this up with Edgar."

"Good, don't lose."

She wasn't sure what part of it was a win or lose situation, but Kelpie patted Lydia's head in a rough shake to perhaps, cheer her on.

He was rough and she felt he treated her as a child or maybe even a pet, but since he didn't have another hidden side to his character, she wasn't bothered by it.

"The rain, it's growing heavier. It's bad for human health if you get soaking wet, right. You should go home."

"Yes."

He looked up to the sky and narrowed his eyes like he was irritated.

"And the London rain is filthy."

With the palm of his hand, Kelpie whipped Lydia's face and made a grin, and then, disappeared.

The diamond that had been hanging around Lydia's neck disappeared along with him.

"Lydia, you're soaking wet. Where have you been?"

As soon as Lydia returned, she made her feet take her straight to the room Edgar was in.

"Ohh, but, I'm so happy that you came to see me on your own. I was so worried that you wouldn't speak with me for a while."

He stood up and walked over to her. It seemed like Edgar was discussing something with Raven, but it seemed like he was trying to hide the serious air

that was just between them, as Edgar's smile looked like it was purposefully made.

"Edgar, I have something I want to discuss."

She didn't intend for her voice to come out sounding angry, but then, he pulled back his hand hesitantly which was initially stretched out for Lydia's hand in an overly-friendly manner.

"Is it something bad? Then let's talk about it another time,"he said as he turned back towards Raven.

"Get a towel for Lydia. And I think we need a new set of clothes."

"If it's me, I'm fine. And what I want to bring up isn't anything bad."

"But, ever since you came into the room, you've had a frown on your face and are glaring at me."

Lydia rushed to rub down the wrinkle between her brows and tried to make a smile.

"I promise that it's something you'll be glad to hear."

"About when we should pick our wedding date?"

"You don't have to make such a stern face."

"Just listen!"

She just wanted to get this over with. If she could make him annul the engagement and take off the ring, then Lydia could finally relax.

If he would easily let go of Lydia in exchange with the diamond, then she wanted to talk about everything before she would realize that she wasn't useful and now unwanted, so she unconsciously rushed the speed of her conversation.

"There is a fire ready in the drawing room hearth," said Raven as he handed a dry linen towel to Lydia.

"Then let's have our talk there."

Edgar said that as if he finally surrendered, as his hand naturally went around Lydia's back and he escorted her out into the hallway.

She imagined how she wouldn't be treated as a lady ever again after she went back to the countryside.

This could have been a good experience for her. As she thought that, Lydia

made a small sneeze.

"You were feeling chilled, weren't you? Your hands are this cold."

When she lowered her guard, he was quick in holding her hands.

Lydia thought how hands were so warm and comfortable, but she managed to shake them away.

He sat down Lydia on a sofa that was relatively close to the hearth in the drawing room and then sat down next to her.

"Uh, we can have a conversation without you being that close."

"I'll listen next to you."

Lydia thought it was a waste to try and quarrel with him about their distance, so she pretended like she was drying her hair with the linen towel to cover her head and that allowed her eyes to be cut off from meeting Edgar's eyes and that helped her to relax.

"I found where the 'Daydream' is that you wanted so much. See, good news." She said as she made a smile.

For Lydia, returning to Scotland wasn't that big of an issue and this wasn't a seriously bad bargain.

Lydia might have been quite a serious condition by having her mind be careful in carrying her tone of voice in a good, bright mood, but she was just trying to shift her mindset to how happy she would be once the engagement would finally be called off.

She wasn't sure if he was surprised or just couldn't believe her as he made an 'uh-huh' kind of half-hearted reply.

"Duke Barkston, was his name? Weren't you having him bring it out? But, I heard from Paul yesterday that Ulysses had gotten in the way. You were saying that Ulysses might have gotten it, but it seems like he was using his goblins to go and search for it."

"Goblins? You mean fairies?"

"That's right. He's able to control goblins. They are an evil fae and they're large in numbers, so be careful."

Edgar nodded and urged her to go on.

"And, the diamond?"

"It was found before the goblins."

"By you?"

"By Kelpie."

"I see, so the finder is a problem."

"Oh, no, it's not that much of a problem. It's easy, Edgar, you just need to call off our engagement."

Lydia had intended to say that as plainly as she could.

Edgar was silent. He was unexpectedly silent for such a long time, that it befuddled Lydia.

"......Because, well, this engagement was originally made so that I didn't have to go to the fairy realm with Kelpie. But now, Kelpie is saying that he will negate that promise. If he can return to Scotland with me, then he says that will do for now."

She felt like she was silently pressurized by Edgar who didn't move a muscle as he sat right next to her. Lydia was starting to feel uncomfortable and wanted to escape from her spot.

"In exchange for the diamond?"

He finally opened his mouth to say that.

"That's right."

"And so, you thought that wasn't a bad condition."

"It isn't a bad one for you either. When you need a Fairy Doctor, we can just contact each other by letter. The point is, if you have that white diamond, you'll be able to prove your father's innocence. And wouldn't you be able to stop Prince's plot as well?"

Lydia's towel was quietly taken away and she was peered down by his ash mauve eyes, putting her in dismay.

Edgar was in a bad temper that she had never seen before.

"Do you realize what you're saying is horrible?"

"Eh...."

"Did you think that I would happily agree to that? If so, then there couldn't be any worse insult than this."

He leaned his body over towards Lydia.

"I've said it countless times. I love you. Please marry me. You won't allow yourself to accept that so easily but even if our feelings slipped pass each other, I felt like our feelings were slowly coming closer together. And yet, you thought I would choose the diamond."

"Th-that's because....., the diamond is much more...."

"You can't believe in what I say that much?"

Even if Lydia inched her body back into the pocket of the backrest and armrest of the sofa, she couldn't move away from him any further, and so he pressed himself up to her and that threw her mind off balance completely.

"If you say that my wish would come true if I bargain, then tell me. What is it that I have to exchange so you'll become mine?"

She felt his fingers touch her damp hair. Just when she sensed warmth across her cold skin, she felt the same warmth on her lips.

That heat stayed there for a short moment. And yet, Lydia had definitely felt it touch her lips as she sat in complete shock, her eyes locked on Edgar right in front of her.

Edgar gazed curiously at Lydia, who wasn't making any kind of reaction, and after he tilted his head to the side, his lips came down towards hers again.

At that moment, Lydia finally pushed him back.

"Wh-what are you doing!"

"I haven't done anything yet."

"Yo-you just kissed me!"

"That doesn't fall under a kiss. A kiss is more like this...."

This time she used her nails on him.

"Don't use me as someone's replacement!"

"Someone? What do you mean?"



"Why don't you listen to what your heart tells you?"

Lydia swiftly stood up and dashed over to the doorway.

"Am I not good enough? If I'm going to have you taken away, then the diamond can just go to hell. Kelpie can have it for all I care!"

Hearing his yell from behind her, but not knowing what to do, she ran out of the room.

From where Lydia ran out and left him, Edgar didn't move and just slumped back onto the sofa.

After a while, Raven came in and reported that Lydia had gone home early.

"It was not good news?" he asked.

"It was awful."

Without hiding his misery, Edgar rested his chin in his palm.

"It seems that Kelpie had found the white diamond 'Daydream.' He's saying

that in exchange, I have to call off the engagement with Lydia."

"Did you call it off?"

"Raven, even you think I would choose the diamond over her?"

".....I'm sorry."

So he does think so.

Then Lydia's reaction couldn't be helped, but for Edgar - who thought he had been openly showing his feelings for her - it was a depressing reality.

"Ahh, what is it that's wrong with me?"

"But, Lord Edgar, did you intend to choose Miss Carlton over the diamond?"

"You're quite the harsh one aren't you?"

To begin with, Edgar's way of thinking wasn't to choose just one of them.

He needed Lydia. But, the diamond was also important. He couldn't let Ulysses get it.

At these kinds of moments, Edgar knew what it was he had to do.

"It isn't like there wasn't a way that I could have gotten both of them."

"Then, why did you make Miss Carlton run off?"

Yes, exactly.

If he had done it right, he would have been able to keep Lydia, and at the same time, be able to get the white diamond from Kelpie, but since she looked so unconcerned, it frustrated him to see how sure she thought he would choose the diamond.

And he let his emotions take control and lashed out on her, but if he wanted to get both, then anyone would have said he did the most stupidest thing.

He had every intention of obtaining what he wanted and needed, so he didn't intend to let Lydia go. He didn't even need to rethink about that, as he was already decided on that matter, but it was so unlike him and a shock, for saying he'd let Kelpie have the diamond.

He was adept at lying. But, there was no point in a lie that didn't have profit. There shouldn't be any meaning in what he said to her before she left, but if what he said were to have just spilled out of him, it could have been what he was really feeling.

As he remained confused, Edgar stood up.

"Raven, it isn't like she has escaped."

"But, she left marks on you."

Raven held out a handkerchief.

Good God, this was also unexpected.

He was careful not to force himself on her, so lately, when Edgar would get close to her, Lydia hadn't put her guard up like before.

However, if he was going to kiss her, there should have been a suitable situation than just now. And he had been holding himself back all this time, and yet, he did it at the worst possible timing out of all the situations he could have chosen. "I couldn't hold myself back."

So annoyed and in a fret, he rubbed the blood that was oozing out of his cheek with the palm of his hand.

"Ahh, maybe this really is the curse of the diamond."

Just then, Raven suddenly turned his head towards the window with a nervous look.

And in the next moment, he swiftly stepped over to guard Edgar.

"Like always, that servant of yours is quick to notice."

By the time Edgar turned around, a young man with black wavy hair was sitting down on the windowsill like he had been there all along.

"What's up, Blue Knight Earl."

"What's your business, Kelpie."

The water horse wore a faint grin but glared at Edgar.

This fae was the one who had the white diamond that Edgar wanted so much.

On top of that, he brought up the idea of bargaining to Lydia.

He was the source of Edgar's depression.

"Hey, what did you do to Lydia?"

"It has nothing to do with you."

"It does. Since the diamond I have seems to be the blame. Ahhh, I picked it up intending to give it to Lydia, and yet it was something you were looking for. When I was a little worried and came to check things out, I find Lydia bright red in the face and running out of here and hear you saying a ridiculous thing like you want both Lydia and the diamond."

Kelpie narrowed his black pearl eyes in a suggestive way.

He had a seductive, perfect beauty. That's why Edgar didn't like this kelpie.

To Edgar, his only weapon was his looks. He was well aware that on the inside, he was unfair, narrow-minded, had a jealous nature and was self-centered. For him to seduce women and make people his allies was all thanks to his smart talk and deceiving them with his looks.

That's why he hated men who had a much more attractive face than him.

If it was a human, then they were sure to have a fault, and if they were offensive and detesting, then he'd be satisfied by embarrassing them, but if it was a fairy, then there was nothing he could do.

If the only reason for Lydia to be engaged with Edgar was so she could remain in the human world, then as for her personal feelings, she might actually have positive feelings towards Kelpie than Edgar, and that was another irritation for him.

"Lydia is my fiancée. There is no way I would exchange her for a diamond."

"She wants to call it off. That's why it was such an ease for her to be able to bring this up with you."

True. That's why, Edgar became even more furious.

"So?"

"Then, how about a bargain with me. Let her go. If you can't, I'll give this to the another who wants this. A human with light blond hair; the one who looks like a young boy but can control fairies."

Ulysses.

Edgar looked straight back into Kelpie's eyes as he tried to think.

He wanted the diamond, and Lydia.

If he were to agree in annulling the engagement, then he would get the white diamond that Kelpie had. Even if he returned his relationship with Lydia to a blank slate, there was still a chance for him to win her over.

But, was that really possible? He mulled that thought around in his mind.

He lost his temper when Lydia brought up the suggestion of calling off their engagement, and made her cry, and yet, if she were to find out he bargained with Kelpie...

Even if Lydia was a soft-hearted girl, that would make her never trust Edgar again.

But she didn't trust him from the start. No matter what her feelings, there were plenty of methods to have her agree in their marriage.

"What are you going to do?" asked Kelpie.

Kelpie made a grin like he was enjoying how he was able to play with him.

Although he hadn't made a decision yet, Edgar's emotions made a mumbling response.

"Get out of my sight."

"Hmmm, so that's your response?"

"I'm not bargaining. Lydia is my fiancée!"

Kelpie tutted and then, vanished.

At that same time, Edgar felt the strength in his body go out. He grasped the windowsill that Kelpie was on with both hands.

"Raven, what on earth am I doing."

He wasn't able to make a rash, clear-minded decision. He ended up letting the diamond go, that was hanging right in front of him.

"There is no problem. Lord Edgar, no matter whose hands it falls into, I will retrieve the white diamond. But, I can do nothing about Miss Carlton."

That could be true. However, Edgar was more befuddled about his own uncontrollable feelings, than wondering if it was the right decision or not to kick away the bargain with Kelpie.

Chapter 5 - The beautiful harem princess

Breathing in the fine aroma of bergamot along with the arising steam, Nico was making himself at home as he combed his whiskers.

He softly set down the teacup that was so finely made that is was like the thin shell of an egg back onto its saucer. He reached his arm out towards his slice of almond cake.

Even he thought that this was quite dry and wasn't his taste, but it didn't take him any time to gobble it up and then he took a look around the room that was filled with dolls.

Being surrounded with dolls that had their colored-glass eyes open, there was an unfamiliar man who was completely enchanted and puffing on his pipe.

All the humans that visited this doll mansion were all not normal.

But, however, it wasn't like it caused any harm to other humans and even if Nico was openly sitting and drinking tea, no one seemed to be bothered by that, so he had been paying frequent visits after their tea here.

"You're all mentally ill," murmured Nico as he took a glance towards the man out of the side of his eye as he just sat there and spent his time just gazing at the dolls.

"Are you referring to me?"

It was rare, he actually replied.

"I'm perfectly fine. The man next door is much more ailing. Because he was talking to a woman in a portrait."

"Hmmm, so you don't talk to them like him."

"Even if you talk to dolls, it isn't like they'll talk back."

Well, yes, of course.

"They don't notice even if you stare at them, they don't see me at all. That's why I'm able to watch them secretly get dressed and hear them whisper amongst each other so quiet like the edges of glass touching each other."

This man is much worse.

"And yet, that man is under the complete belief that the woman in the portrait is in love with him. He keeps saying that when the two diamonds are together, then she'll come back, or that everything will come into his hands and dreamlike things like that."

"Diamond?"

"It's apparently the diamond of prosperity. And there's a white and black one." "Uh-huh."

I wonder if he means the one that Edgar has stored in this doll house.

It seems like that earl is trying to start another fishy plan again, and Lydiais worried about the diamond, and Nico hoped that nothing troublesome would happen.

That's why the coming for tea here wasn't the only reason Nico was spending all his time here.

Just in case, he had been wandering around the grounds so that he could keep his eye on Edgar and the diamond, but for the moment, there hadn't been any signs of anyone paying a visit to the room with the doll and diamond.

But a man from another room knew of the diamond's existence and wishes to get it?

"Does the man next door come everyday?"

"I haven't seen him lately. OH bloody hell, it's so noisy. Are they doing construction somewhere?"

Nico twitched his ear. So this man is also able to hear the sound of the goblins digging their hole.

As he thought it probably was because this man was taking suspicious drugs, but even Nico was being bothered by the constant sound of the loud hole-digging.

But today the sound was getting closer.

Just when he thought that, a hold suddenly appeared on the floor.

A goblin stuck his head out of the side of the hole. After it moved its head around to inspect the room, it murmured this isn't the one.

"Hey, what are you all doing?"

When Nico called out to it, the goblin what turned to face him twisted his ugly

face even more and let out a snort with its nose.

(Why, it's just a cat. It has nothing to do with the likes of you.)

Oh, it just ridiculed me, thought Nico, becoming irritated.

He wasn't a cat and not the kind of fairy that was a bonehead like a goblin. Or he didn't intend to be.

After he calculated when the goblin stuck its head back into the hole, Nico quickly made himself invisible and jumped into the hole.



She felt her head pounding from a headache and a cold shiver run through her, probably because she was wet from the rain.

For that night, Lydiaunusually went to bed early and as she was nearly drifting off, she was dreaming of being at her house in Scotland.

The old house that was at the corner of the town was surrounded by a large garden. The garden was filled with grasses and trees that the fairies adored, so it had become the gathering ground and passageway for fairies and constantly the source of a busy commotion.

From the second floor window, you could see the fairy rath that stood circularly mounded up on the earth in one part of the vast field of heaths.

Fairies tend to come from there and spend some time enjoying themselves in one of their favorite locations, and then eventually go back there.

Lydia sat by her window was looked out into the hill, and murmured to herself I've home now.

As she dazed about she won't be returning to that London anymore and was reminiscing oddly about how those few months were like a dream in her dream. She, who didn't have hardly any experience in being with the opposite sex was flirted with and proposed to.

She wondered what would have happened if she were to remain in London.

I wonder....if I would have gotten married.

With that Edgar? How ridiculous. Sooner or later it was going to end up like this. It's all right, Lydia cheered herself again. It wasn't like I went through heart broke or anything. It was good that this happened before I fell in love with him.

There wasn't even any chance that I would fall for him. He's a man that doesn't

choose in who to flirt with.

For no reason, Lydia traced her lips with her fingers and thought it was the greatest mistake of my life.

He asked her why she couldn't understand him. Even to go as far as to say that he would let Kelpie have the diamond.

That was surely a lie. Just his specialty of not doing what he says.

And yet, why do I have to be the one to feel bad and guilty?

"Young miss, are you crying?"

It was the coblynau's voice. She couldn't see him.

"What? I would never be crying."

"Bow is telling me so. That the young miss' heart is wounded and she is in sorrow."

Lydia quickly lifted up her hand and realized that she still had on the moonstone ring.

She wondered if she forgot to ask him to take it off and came home wearing it.

She didn't have anything to do with Edgar now.

"Coblynau. Would you take this off. He's already agreed to annulling our engagement."

"Oh, no, he still hasn't, young miss. You are only running away into a dream of yours."

"But I don't want something like this. I don't have any intention of getting married."

"Yes, yes, I can understand your feelings. The earl is being quite the unfaithful one. However, young miss, you must not lose to the other women. Because you are the rightful fiancée of his."

Oh, who cares. Don't bother me.

She might have hurt Edgar. But even Lydia was hurt.

If it was just a marriage to keep his fairy doctor by his side and yet he was treating Lydia as someone's replacement and wanted her to comfort him, then that was just horrible.

She had enough of the lies like he actually had serious feelings for Lydia.

It wasn't like he was hurt at all, so don't pretend like you're hurt.

"Please don't cry, young miss. This old me will do something about it. Yes, indeed, so that the earl would treasure just you young miss. Please leave everything to me."

Her head was pounding.

Her dream ended, and Lydia was half-awake when she heard the voice of the coblynau.

But, she felt into a deep slumber once more.

And when she awakened, she noticed everything around her bright and sparkling.

Ahh, it's because of the chandelier.

A chandelier was covered with clear crystals reflecting the gas-lit flames and radiated luminously.

Chandelier? By no means could there be such a light hanging in my room....

Lydia's trail of thought ended there, as she sprung up from her resting position.

She had been lying down on a long, slender sofa.

A transparently-thin curtain was blocking the view around her, but from the other side which she could see faintly through the cloth, she could tell she was in a spacious room that was filled with marvelous pieces of furniture.

Lydia had a feeling she'd seen this place before and was about to stand up, but the piece of cloth that was wrapped around her got in the way and she wasn't able to move freely.

"Wh-what is this....."

When she lifted up her arm, she heard a clinking sound, like metal hitting each other. The golden pieces of decorations that were woven into her sleeve and veil, were hitting against each other.

It was an outfit like the princess of an Arabian knight. And on top of that: this room.

It was Edgar's harem.

And for some strange reason, Lydia was in place of the blond-haired doll that should have been sitting here and she even was wearing the doll's exotic costume.

It was a silk dress decorated with beads and embroidery. There was gold and

jewels heavily sown into the cloth on the arm, legs and her hair, but her outfit was surprisingly thin and light.

Lydia lifted up the curtain and gazed at herself in the near-by, big mirror like she was a strange, foreign animal but then realized she was wearing the black diamond necklace.

"What, what is the meaning of this!"

"So you have awakened, young miss."

The bearded fairy hopped down onto the decorative stand and puffed his pipe in a care-free manner.

"Coblynau! What have you done?!"

"I have taken the liberty and kicked out the concubine doll. The one who suits this room is my lady who is my lord's fiancée, and didn't you say that you wanted the diamond as well?"

That was something she had said just for the heck of things.

However, just saying something by mouth to a fairy does not work at all. That's why Kelpie was also trying to present the diamond to Lydia as well.

She was irritated at her mistake and tried to take off the veil, but it was fixed on her head with hair pins and a tiara.

"Now the earl is sure to fall in love with my lady. Well in order for that to happen, I have to say my lady will need to understand the earl's taste. Because it seems he fancies situations such as this."

She was dumb-struck.

"Oh and yes, the ones who assisted in dressing you were the females of my clan, so please rest easy. Since it will take me some time to return to Wales, I have gathered all of my relatives who are in London. Since there are so many rare gemstones here, quite a number of my relatives happen to be working here away from home."

"Uh-huh.....is that so...."

"So in regards to that black diamond, my clan and I patched it up for the time being so that the power of its curse cannot be released. It needs some time to return to its original state, so it's just in a temporary fix for now. So my lady, please do not treat it roughly. Because Bow's magical protection has its limits." Well then, I'll be going, said the Coblynau and stood up, but Lydia hurried to stop him.

"Wait, are you planning to leave me here?"

"The earl will arrive soon. Nuisances should quickly disappear so that I will not interupt your conversation."

"Whaaat."

But he vanished without a trace.

Edgar's coming? Wh-what should I do.

The first thing she thought was she needed to get out of here, but she couldn't go outside in her current attire.

She couldn't appreciate this draughty foreign costume that was designed so that she could directly feel any breeze or winds against her raw skin but she especially disliked the region around her bellybutton where a thin layer of near-transparent cloth was used to cover her.

But then it wasn't like there was another change of clothes lying around, so she struggled to think of how she could go home.

Just then, the main entrance door slowly opened.

What, he's here already?

Lydia didn't know what to do but quickly let the thin curtain flow back down and rushed back over to sit on the sofa and held her breath.

It wasn't like she wanted to be a doll, but in the end she had no choice but to take up the role.

However the one who entered the room wasn't Edgar. Although she was looking through a thin curtain, the man's figure and facial features obviously didn't match Edgars.

But then it wasn't like Lydia knew the man, so she decided it was best not to be discovered.

He was not going to believe her claim of being brought here by a fairy and she didn't want the label of a lunatic who snuck in to pretend to be a harem princess.

Most of all, it would be troublesome if he went and tattled to Edgar that there was a woman jealous of a doll.

She wished he would hurry up and leave, but the man quietly entered the room like he didn't want to be found-out, and took silent steps towards Lydia's direction.

"Jean-mary....."

The man murmured the name of the doll.

"I finally met you.Please don't say that I was late. I haven't forgotten about you - not one day."

She couldn't see his face clearly. She could only guess that he was a middle-aged gentleman with a mustache.

However it seemed like this man was acquainted with the female model of this doll.

"I fell in love with you in the first moment I laid eyes on you. Although we were engaged to be married by our parent's decision, I was eagerly waiting for the day when you would arrive as my bride. And yet that man, that man who said he fell in love with you ruined everything."

Lydia was right to think that Jean-mary was someone who actually existed as she listened while holding her breath.

But, who is the man he is talking about? Edgar? And when did all of this happen?

"It was all that man's fault for using the political power of his position to steal you away from me. I just wanted you to realize my feelings. That we are the destined better-halves of each other, torn apart by God.Our marriage was already decided before we were even born. You may have not been aware of this, but that was the most important part. If you had married me, that tragedy wouldn't have ever happened."

What did he mean by tragedy?

"Are you angry? Jean-mary. That I had brought disgrace to your husband, the Duke of Silvanford."

What, that's Edgar's family name.....

"Oh, I know. You must have realized already. About the case of the duke being charged for the robbery of the royal family's white diamond..... The one who hid it was indeed myself, as I was the duke's accompanying subordinate."

What? Whaaat?

"That diamond does not belong to the House of Hanover. Prince is the only one worthy of claiming it as his own.... Ohh, but let's stop this talk. I honestly am starting to query whether I should continue serving Prince even when he made you a victim."

Hold on a second. Lydiafrantically tried to organize the information in her brain.

So the Jean-mary who married the Duke Sylvainford was - in other words - Edgar's mother?

And the true culprit behind the robbery of the white diamond that the duke family was thought guilty of was because of this person; which means this man is Duke Barkston Edgar was talking about?

So Edgar was trying to set this person into a trap by putting the black diamond 'Nightmare' with the doll resembling his mother.

"If Duke Sylvainford died, then you would return to my side. That's what I honestly believed. I didn't imagine you were also going to die as well when I became an accomplice in trapping the duke family."

How stupid of me. The woman who was special to him wasn't his lover.

Lydia was filled with a sense of exhaustion and irritation.

What in the world was I so bothered about?

"Please forgive me, Jean-mary. I thought that if it was your wish, I would gladly give you the white diamond as a present.It doesn't have to be Prince, you should have the same right to claim the diamond. You and I. If the two of us were able to obtain the legendary power of the diamond....."

Then he suddenly lifted up the curtain and walked over towards Lydia. Lydia was unprepared and went completely frozen on the sofa because there was no where to run.

"Wh-who are you....?"

Even the man realized that she wasn't a doll.

This man was the one who was with Ulysses at the Hyde Park.

"You, why are you here, where's Jean-mary," as the man spoke, his eyes stopped onto the black diamond necklace.

"That diamond belongs to us."

The duke reached his hand over to Lydia. As soon as she tried to escape, he grabbed her shoulder and shoved her down onto the sofa.

His hand wrapped around her neck.

"Jean-mary called me here after she obtained that. In order for the both of us to become the owner of the diamond."

That was Edgar's plot.

He took advantage of the weakness in Duke Barkston's heart and showed the man a sweet dream of his beloved woman.

Even if he knew it was just a doll, the duke was sensing the will and voice of Jean-mary in this doll-filled harem, in this strange place that he could abandon himself in his dream and continually tried to deliver the 'Daydream' to her that he had been hiding for the sake of Prince.

As Lydiakept on resisting, she felt his grip on her neck tighten further and it was causing her mind to go numb.

Edgar was able to manipulate people in the way how he talks. He would take advantage of their weakness and invite them into self-destruction.

He was a person who could do such a thing. That's why Lydiafelt like she was also being easily made to do as he wanted.

All of what he says and does looks to her like it is all calculated and planned.

And yet, Lydia would feel a moment which was not calculative at all and that fault of Edgar would capture her.

Was it a lie when he said that if he was going to have her taken, then he would let him have the diamond?

It was a diamond that he needed to get his hands on no matter what in order to protect his family's honor. He had been steadily carrying out the plan to set Duke Barkston into a trap. It was much more important than the likes of Lydia.

You must be out of your mind, Edgar, to come up with a lie that could be find out so easily.

"Help m...."

But, Lydiawas always wondering like an idiot about if that was his uncalculated upheaved behavior.

"Help me, Edgar...."

Yes, I'm so stupid. I'm being killed because of the trap he set up....

All of a sudden, her body was let free. Lydia desperately tried to breath in air.

When she finally opened her eyes, it was just when Edgar had his arm tightly around the duke's neck and was pulling him away.

Right before the man became unconscious he tossed the man to the side roughly. The duke went tumbling down onto the floor as his body ripped down the curtain.

Edgar went on further and slammed his foot down on him and spoke in a chillingly cold voice.

"Jean-mary had told you to bring the 'Daydream' to her. She says that she has no use for a failure like you."

".....You are Earl Ashenbert.... Why are you here,"

"This is my room. That wax doll and that black diamond is also mine."

The duke's opened up wide in surprise.

"Duke, I also happened to need that 'Daydream.' Just like I anticipated, you betrayed Prince. However, I can't use you if you failed."

Edgar grabbed him by the scruff of his shirt and peered down at him.

"Because of that, weren't you sought after by Ulysses? Would it be a matter of time until he finds and erases you."

"Prince has his eye at for you as well. Blue Knight Earl.....Ulysses was laughing about how you're going against Prince when you have no powers even though you inherited that name."

"It is a pity that I won't be able to show you my victory to someone like you who will be momentarily dead."

A cold and heartless smile was made by Edgar as he threw Duke Barkston to the floor and then he turned around to Lydia.

Lydia was finally able to caught her breath and sat trembling on the floor.

Her eyes met with Edgar's and she became so embarrassed and reacted in a mess. More than the relief of being saved, she was more disturbed about the unbelievable outfit she was in.

"Th-this isn't what you think. The coblynau put me in this without my permission. He said that I needed to adjust to yo-your tastes, and not lose to

the mistress and..... Anyways, I don't know how this happened, it's just when I woke up, I was here!"

"The other time you were a maid, and this time you're an Arabian princess. It's nice to be so pleasantly surprised."

There isn't anything nice about this.

"If you were Scheherazade, then I wonder if you would tell me fairy tales to me every night. If it were me, then it wouldn't take me a thousand nights but just one to become mad about you."

He knelt down and looked into Lydia's eyes. She was appalled at how he would use any opportunity and say flirting things to her.

"Ohh, but I'm glad you're safe. I was worried that I might have completely lost your trust because of what happened during the day, but you yelled out my name for help. That means I can think that you still haven't come to hate me."

"What, di-.....did I call you?"

"Yes, just now. Just when I was about to charge into here."

He's got to be lying. Well, she could have been thinking about Edgar.

He smiled as he watched Lydia turn even redder in the face.

Lydia turned her eyes away from him and noticed that the duke who should have been collapsed was trying to get up.

She saw he reached inside his coat to take out a pistol.

"Edgar!"

At the same time Lydia yelled out, gunfire ringed out.

However, the duke's pistol fell down to roll on the floor. At that same time, he himself was slammed back with a powerful force and tumbled back in a roll as he knocked back a one-legged table.

The one who picked up the pistol on the floor was a brown-skinned young man.

"Raven, you mustn't kill him yet."

Yes, he replied as he grabbed the duke's necktie and pulled him up.

"Duke, there is something I still want to ask you."

Edgar stroked Lydia's hair as if to soothe down her nerves as he turned to face the duke.

"Getting his hands on the 'Daydream' wasn't the only reason Prince put his

target on the Sylvainford duke family was it?

Duke Barkston laughed with a snort as his face twisted in pain.

"You don't even know something like that, and yet you're intending to go against Prince?"

"If you know, then I'll have you talk."

Edgar took out a pistol and pressed it up against the Duke's throat.

"I'm bound to be killed by Ulysses anyway. It's pointless to threaten me."

"Do you think so? Even if man knows he is going to eventually die, they wouldn't want to die immediately."

Edgar, who calmly put his strength in the trigger, met the eyes of the duke who had eyes like he was seeing his tragic death.

The cock of the pistol rose up. The duke's eyes flied around from panic. But he remained still as he bit his lips.

He might have thought that Edgar was really going to pull the trigger. Lydia thought the same, and so as she held her breath as she watched the two of them looking at each other and witnessed Edgar pulling the trigger without changing the look of his expression at all.

Lydia made a silent gasp, but no bullet came out.

Edgar tutted in front of the frozen duke.

"Damn, I forgot to put in the bullets."

After he said that, he picked out a iron bullet from his pocket and loaded it, and carelessly pulled the trigger two times to test it.

Those were still empty rounds, but the man let out a silent scream and cradled back shrinking. Raven mercilessly pushed him back.

"Now, Duke, let's see if it would come out this time?"

"Wa-wait a moment.The reason the duke family turned out like that wasn't my fault. Everything happened because of the son that was born into that family."

She was able to tell that Edgar took in a small breath.

"What did the son do?" asked Edgar.

"Prince realized that the son of the duke and Jean-mary was the most closest to his ideal heir. Much more ideal than the son that would have been born if she were to have married me...."

"I also have the blood of the Stuart family flowing in my veins. The two of our marriage was decided so that the continuously fading royal blood would once again be thickened. That's why it was a scheme. A scheme carried out meticulously for the sake of Prince."

Lydia had no idea what he meant. Edgar went silent as if he was thinking about something deeply, but he appeared as if he was suffering more than ever before.

"It was the son's fault for the Duke Sylvainford to lose everything. It was his fault for stealing away Jean-mary from me. If that man had gotten another woman for his wife, then something like that would have never happened. It was better for Jean-mary not to have gave birth to a son. It was better if that son didn't grow up."

The duke kept on speaking unaware that that son he was talking about was right in front of his eyes.

"Earl Ashenbert, if you want to annihilate Prince, then you must kill that son. That just may be the quickest path to your goal."

"Stop saying such stupid things, the one who is to blame is Prince! You were just rejected by your fiancée! A child wouldn't be guilty of anything!"

Lydia couldn't stand it any longer and interrupted him. As if to say it's all right, Edgar gave Lydia a glance.

"Marquis, Jean-mary had completely forgotten about you who was her fiancé. At the same time that she didn't doubt anything about the marriage to you that her parents had decided for you and went she was told to marry into the duke family, she would have agreed to it without hesitation. In fact, she was more thrilled about the idea of being called Her Grace. She was innocent and naïve and satisfied just as long as she was treated like a princess. She was the typical noble's daughter."

The marquis made a frown like he was offended.

[&]quot;What do you mean?"

[&]quot;Jean-mary carries the blood of Bonnie Prince Charlie."

[&]quot;Bonnie....., the old prince of the Stuart family?"

"Don't open your mouth like you would know."

"The time that she remembered about you was from the time that the Sylvainford duke family was suspected of because of the diamond. At the time when you sent her a comforting letter. But, it could have been a woman's intuition, it seemed like she sensed your underlying motive and intentions."

"Wh-...., why do you know that..."

"I just happened to hear when she was asking for advice from a friend."

The marquis snapped up to look up at Edgar like he realized something.

"No, you're not...."

"Marquis, I will not forgive those who offer their help to Prince. If it's to annihilate him, I will kill Ulysses and you and the son of the duke family."

She thought he was going to shoot and kill the marquis.

"Stop!"

Lydia didn't think about the danger and ran up to him.

The pistol was aimed his foe who destroyed his family, but if he were to shoot his enemy, she was afraid that Edgar would then aim the pistol at himself next.

It was just when she jumped onto his arm to try and stop him.

The building shook from the thundering sound of a boom.

"Huh, what?"

She was scooped up into Edgar's arms and in the second the two of them threw themselves to the floor, a silver statue came crashing down to the floor just right next to them.

The marquis used that opportunity to escape. Raven went after him.

From the large hole that opened up in the wall, an ugly-faced small fairy poked its dirt-covered face out.

"It's a goblin," remarked Lydia.

(He escaped.)

(It's him.)

(Go after him.)

They came shuffling out of the hole and started to dig another wall to go after Marquis Barkston and they all disappeared into the next room.

"Goblin? The fairies that Ulysses is using?" asked Edgar as he helped Lydiaup

and was looking at the hole in the wall.

"Was that shock just now also the work of the goblins?"

"Edgar, you mustn't get near them. Beyond the entrance of the hole is the territory of the goblins. It's isn't the human realm."

"You're right, the space beyond this wall should open up to the hallway, and yet it goes on like it's a cave."

"I'm guessing that they are going after the marquis by Ulysses' orders. He must have found out that the marquis was hiding in this store."

"Which means there is a possibility that Ulysses might come here."

He turned his back to Lydia and went into a silent thinking, and the sight of him looked tired from the confrontation that happened just now.

He said that he would kill himself if it was to destroy Prince.

Ulysses had said that he was ordered to kill Edgar who was decided to be useless now, but there could be a chance that he was thinking that he could capture Edgar alive if it was possible.

If Jean-mary's son was the key and since she was no longer alive, Edgar was the only one who carried her blood.

There was no mistake that Edgar was considering his own death as a means for his revenge.

"Edgar, please. Don't blame yourself. You have nothing to feel guilty about."

"Thank you, Lydia. I was worried that you wouldn't be worried about me ever again, so I'm happy."

Even as he said that, he didn't turn around to her.

"It's not like I was shocked at what the marquis said. I had a faint feeling that I was the cause of everything from before."

"You were just targeted. You are not the cause."

"I was told by my father who was driven into a rage that I shouldn't have been born. He was going to take out his hunting gun. My mother tried to protect me. I don't remember what happened after that. When I came to, my father and mother were both on the floor with blood coming out of them. And there was a fire spread throughout the house....."

"You don't have to remember."

Lydia placed her hand on his back like she was leaning up to him.

"You were just dragged into this."

".....Can I hold you?"

She wanted to say yes, but she was a little frightened. If she allowed it, she felt like she wasn't going to be able to stop herself.

While she was undecided, Edgar spoke up again.

"Then, hold me."

Slowly and carefully, Lydia stretched her arms out around him. While she was embracing him from behind, she was just barely able to hold onto his coat, so he could have been a little unsatisfied.

He placed his hand over hers and said "Thank you" which madeLydiarelieved and she pressed her head against his back lightly.

"Lydia, do you have a fever?"

"What, really?"

Not that she thought about it, she did feel like she had a high temperature.

She had gone to her bed chamber to take an early rest and when she awoke, she was here so she had completely forgotten about her condition because she was so overwhelmed, but when she realized that, she started to feel dizzy.

Edgar turned around and pressed the palm of his hand against her forehead and made a small frown.



"Let's go home. I'll take you."

He took off his coat and used it to cover Lydia's shoulders.

"I think that will be difficult."

"What do you mean?"

He leaned his head to the side curiously as he opened the main entrance door but the path was blocked with open, exposed rocks.

"Didn't I say that the goblins had dug holes and made a path? This is their pathway and the fairy realm and human realm have become jumbled up with each other."

He seemed confused as he set his hand on the wall and combed his hair with his fingers.

"What can we do to get out?"

"We will have to wait until the goblins appear again. Only fairies can see the path of fairies. They are sure to know their paths, so I will make a bargain somehow."

"It's just the two of us here until then."

Lydia heard the two of them and she stepped back a few steps in caution.

"I won't do anything. But even if I was the one who said that you couldn't believe me, but I'll say it just for sake. You can rest easy, so go ahead and lay down on the sofa."

As Edgar said that, he took a look around the room and searched inside the cabinets.

"I never imagined that I would be left stranded in the middle of London. And it looks like there isn't any decent thing to eat in this room."

It was a doll house so it couldn't be helped.

Lydiadid as he suggested, then felt a cold shiver and pulled the front of the coat she borrowed tightly around her.

"Are you cold? That coat is quite thin. Looking wise it's quite thankful though." She hurried to hide her stomach area with the coat.

"If I knew you were going to wear that, I should I put more requests in its design."

"......Even so, why would you make a doll that looks exactly like your mother wear something like this?"

If she thought about it, it was something that appeared quite strange.

"If I didn't make it an outrageous outfit, the doll looked even more like my mother and it was disturbing."

I guess that would be the normal reaction.

He took a number of alcoholic drinks in a bottle that were placed in the room as interior accessories and some fruits that were again another interior decoration, he walked over to Lydia who was on the sofa.

He sat himself down onto the carpet and opened the bottle of brandy and poured it into a glass.

"You'll warm up a little."

"Thank you...."

Even as she took the glass, she had made sure to avoid from touching his fingers, so Edgar made a small sour smile.

"You would hug me, but you don't allow touching from my side do you."

"That's because...."

"Because I kissed you without asking?"

Lydia felt that her body temperature rose up dramatically and so she rounded herself.

"If Marquis Barkston is captured by the goblins, then he might be killed by Ulysses. And you haven't even pulled out all the information out of him that we wanted yet."

She purposefully changed the subject because she wanted to avoid the topic about the kiss with just the two of them.

"I was able to grasp the gist of it all. And the reason why that man was called Prince."

Just listening to that story, Lydia wasn't able to understand everything. But when she imagined that Edgar didn't have any intentions of revealing the information about what he had figured out about the heart of the matter regarding Prince, then she wasn't able to bring herself to ask him.

"You don't want to hear anything that has to do with me?"

"Is it all right for someone like me to find out?"

"I learned that nothing good comes out from when I keep things secret from my fiancée."

Because it might have turned out like this. Thought Lydia as she looked down at what she was wearing.

"I said I'm not your fiancée."

She objected just for sake. Edgar didn't let that bother him and went on.

"In 1688, James II was exiled from England and escaped to France. Do you know that afterwards his descendants had seriously tried on two accountants to claim their succession to the throne and tried to invade into England?"

"Yes."

As she replied, Lydia was remembering about how she had heard that King's name just the other day.

Her father had been talking about the two diamonds that were the issue of this. They were the Royal family's diamonds, but she was told how they were lost during the commotion of the revolution and James II's exile.

"Bonnie Prince Charlie was the grandchild of James II and led an invasion into

England to retrieve the throne but lost."

She remembered hearing that Jean-mary carried the blood of that man.

"Most likely Prince and oh, his descendants too.....anyways, I think that he might be closely related to Jean-mary by blood. He was after the Royal family's diamond, not because it was the legendary jewel, but I thing it was more like as its owner, and as the heir to Bonnie Prince, he was trying to claim as the Prince of Wales."

"Prince of Wales...."

"The male heirs of the Stuart family should have all died out, but if you go down the bloodline of the female, you would find out that it would be connected to a number of royal families and nobles in Europe. I've heard that there are groups that claim that those are the rightful King of Englandand Scotland. But

Prince, claims that he himself is the Prince, so he must be in a different organization from that."

"Do you think that he's planning to return to England?"

"Even if he is, I don't think it would be the same way as the old Bonnie Prince."

If Marquis Barkston and Jean-mary had married, then the two royal families would be mixed once again. That man said that that was plotted for the sake of Prince.

Going against their plan, Jean-mary married Duke Sylvainford, but the plot didn't end there.

"So your family had the blood of the royal family in it."

"That's right. And several of them."

Most likely, that was the most ideal part for Prince. Because the child of Jeanmary and the duke was surely going to be born with a much more thicker blood of the royal family.

"That was the reason you were targeted? But, what was their intention for kidnapping you?"

"I guess it was to make the next Prince."

Make, she thought that was a strange way to say it.

"He didn't make his own son his heir? Even if he didn't have a boy, didn't he think there was more difficulty in making you his heir after he abducted you and

made you came to hate Prince?"

"I'm thinking that he wasn't planning to make me his heir under the normal meaning. They were under the strong belief that they were able to control the will of others how they liked. If I were to be in that organization for long, I think they were anticipating that I would lose my mind and they would be able to mold a new person that had the same way of thinking and feeling as Prince."

Lydia was taken-aback. What on earth did Edgar witness at that place.

He must have gone through a hundred times more torturing experiences at Prince's organization than the tragedy that happened at the duke house.

But, even if she thought that, she wasn't able to imagine what it was.

Even if someone like me were to hold him, in reality, wouldn't that really not be of any comfort to Edgar.

"That organization was originally, how would you put it, it had the characteristic of devoting themselves to magical practices and spells. Even if some heir of the exiled King came out claiming their right to the throne right now, it would be impossible to get succession to the throne. And yet, Prince is gathering the blood of the royal family once again and is attempting to make them his puppets. His methods are so odd like he is forcing to make one."

It was out of her boundaries of imagination. Lydia was gradually becoming confused. It was too bizarre of a story is try to be understood with her head that had a fever.

She gulped down one mouth-full of spirits and gazed dazzlingly over at Edgar. He held a pear in his hand and masterfully peeled it with a knife.

"There's one thing that I'm bothered with, and that's about Ulysses. I have never met him directly while I was in the hands of Prince, but guessing from the conversation of those around me, I had the impression he was a senior. Like he had been in the organization for tens of years.... If he's actually forty, then it's a different story."

It was indeed strange for Ulysses, who appeared to be in his teens, just in a small percentage he was a terrible baby face, he could maybe be in his twenties, to be in a high-ranking power position in that organization from before eight years ago when Edgar was kidnapped.

"If the current Ulysses was the second successor, then it would make sense."

"What, the second? The son of the first Ulysses?"

"He could be, or they could have reshaped the personality of a boy who had the power of a fairy doctor. If that were so, then it would turn out that he was a victim just like me."

A boy whose personality was destroyed and become the second Ulysses? Because of the fact that he had the ability to contact fairies, he might have become a victim?

This didn't make any sense. But, Edgar might have been thinking that he could have become Prince himself just like that.

And he was battling against an enemy who did unimaginable things like that.

He held out a slice of a pear that he pocked with his knife to Lydia.

She pulled it out and took a bite out of it and its mild sweetness made the unpleasant feelings of the alcohol that she forced down her throat to disappear.

"Lydia, you said in the past that you didn't want to have a loveless marriage."

At his sudden subject, Lydia was made a little nervous again. But, it seemed like he didn't have any intention of making it into a sexual subject.

"I think you are right about that. For nobles, marriage is normally thought of as tying two families together, and as long as they produce children, then normally the husband and wife are free to do as they please with their lovers. Even if my father had fallen for my mother and stole her away from the marquis, he just wanted to possess something that he desired, and most likely the two of them were the typical noble husband and wife. But, if my father and mother had strong emotional bonds between each another, and if their marriage were to have invited an unexpected tragedy, and even if their child was shouldering a ominous destiny, I wonder if they wouldn't have fallen into despair."

Still remaining sitting on the floor, Edgar was leaning his back against the sofa that Lydia was sitting on and kept his head faced down.

"The man that's going to marry you will be a happy	man."
--	-------

"....*"*

[&]quot;He would be loved dearly and the whole family will all live happily. Can't that happiness become mine?"

I don't know. Actually, Lydia was puzzled to know if Edgar would want something so plain and normal like that.

She wondered if he had any hope towards in his future beyond the path of his revenge to Prince. She had a feeling that he had a dangerous part about him where he would consider the measure of ending his own life in order to end everything, and so she had a feeling that the reason he meddled with Lydia so much was because he wanted to have a short dream about a future that was out of his reach.

But, even if he were watching just a momentary dream, if that was his dream, then he was wishing for something anyone would from the bottom of his heart. "Ohh I really do want to marry you."

Just in the short moment she had her guard down, a strand of her hair was wrapped around his fingers.

From the dullness of her body temperature and the spirits spreading out through her body, Lydia remained still as she watched her hair flow through the cracks of his long fingers.

"There was a young girl who died protecting this black diamond in America. I was told by Slade that there is something in me that controls the hearts of others just like how Jimmy went off on his own. Just like he says, me in America was a ruler and the rule. I was feeling that everyone wanted me to be that. But, you know the good-for-nothing and only talk part about me. From the beginning, you saw through that I was a boy who was made up of contradictions. And yet, you sympathized with me and lend me your hand. Just like this, I want you to stand as my equal. You don't have to emphasize with me. If you stay by my side and scold me, then I feel like I won't end up like Prince." Is it just that you're not able to hold back from flirting whenever you open your mouth? Or is it something else.

"But to you, if I'm a man full of flaws, then I felt you would hate me so I would want to be pretentious. ...That's why I was hiding about how I was stepping Marquis Barkston in a trap."

Or if I really do accept marrying you, then would I be able to save you?



The sound of the goblins digging their hole was making a tremendous rumbling vibration throughout the ground. Kelpie's sensitive mane was able to sense any small vibration that came to the water through the ground.

"What on earth are they doing, those little pests?"

He wondered if they weren't planning on making the London underground full of tunnels and pathways.

The hole they dug was cut off from the human realm and more closer to the fairy realm, but if they went on digging without being careful, it was going to affect the humans on the ground above them.

Kelpie wondered if that was their actual goal, as he gazed at the white diamond that fainted sparkled even in the bottom of water.

"What shall I do with this?"

The diamond that the master of the goblins was looking for was also something that the Blue Knight Earl was searching.

However, that earl kicked away the bargain that Kelpie offered him.

"That man, is Lydia more important to him that this?"

That was unexpected. Because, he was an earl that carried unending rumors of women with him. He was imaging that the earl just wanted to keep Lydia by his side as one to put in his group of female followers.

It should have been a temporary engagement where it benefited him and Lydia, who wished to stay in the human world.

The clear glass-like diamond that was cut in a tear-drop shape was so transparent that it seemed like it could dissolve into the water as it kept its faint light of a silhouette.

Even the devilish fairy Kelpie felt like there was a magic that seeped out of the jewel and almost sensed a fainting-like dizziness.

While he stared at the jewel, he felt like someone had called him and so he lifted his head up.

He had a feeling like it was Lydia's voice.

He rose up to the surface of the water and transformed into his human form to walk up to the bank and listened carefully.

It was Lydia's voice just like he thought and when he walked over to the group

of trees, he spotted someone standing behind in a shadow of a tree.

The person's reddish-brown hair flowed in the wind.

"Lydia, what is the matter?"

"Kelpie."

When he found her, Lydia came dashing over to him and suddenly threw her arms around him.

"What is it? Were you bullied by that earl?"

Kelpie felt that she was trembling and carefully embraced her shoulders. He wasn't used to handling humans as other than his meals, so he take particularly caution with Lydia.

"I can't take it anymore. I want to go home to Scotland."

However, a feeling of tender loving care came rising up in the core of Kelpie's body that he never experienced before.

The satisfaction that he felt when he ate humans only lasted for a short while, but the pleasing comfort that he felt when he was with Lydia wouldn't disappear no matter how much time passed by.

"All right then let's go home."

"But, Edgar won't annual our engagement. He's trying to force me to become his bride."

"He's horrible," said Kelpie, completely forgetting about the fact that he also had tried to force Lydia to become his bride.

"I really am not able to trust Edgar. I realized that fairies understand me much more than humans."

Her chamomile smelling hair came closer to his face. He felt the blood of the fae in her golden-green eyes. A human that was shared the magic of a fairy; that's why she is a fairy doctor.

In Lydia's eyes, there might be some magic. He unexpectedly felt a thrilling shiver run up his body.

"Lydia, if your saying that, then I'll go have a talk with the earl. If he doesn't agree to calling off the engagement, then I'll bite off his head...., no, I mean, I'll protect you so he can't come close, so you can relax."

"Really?"

It didn't feel bad to be depended on. When he recalled how adorable she was than usual, he didn't pay attention to the fact that she was leaning up so close to him which was unusual for Lydia's character.

"Hey, do you still have that diamond with you?"

"Eh, ah, yes. Do you want it?"

She made a small nod.

"I was just thinking of throwing it away."

He put the necklace around her head. He thought it really didn't suit her, but when he saw how Lydia smiled so happily like never before, then he felt completely satisfied.

However, just then the scenery around him shifted.

Lydia's body melted away.

"Wh-...."

For an instant, everything around him went completely white, like his eyes were being burned from a light that was so unbearably bright.

When his view gradually returned, he saw in his view of the park, there was a young boy of a man standing next to a tree that was a little ways away.

It was him. The master of the goblins.

"Boy, what did you do?"

He made a grin and held up the diamond necklace.

"I'll let you know what the name of this diamond is. It's called Daydream. Gemstones and fairies all have their names reveal their character. I just brought out the power that this stone holds."

"So you showed me an illusion."

"It's a vision you saw on your own. Your dream? Or your desire? I was wondering why a water horse kelpie was in London, but now I understand, you're after that fairy doctor girl."

Kelpie gave a menacing glare at the lad that was much more slender than that earl and seemed like he was able to snap in two with his bare hands.

If he was just a regular human, Kelpie would be jumping in and taking a bite out of him, but he was a man that knew how to use fairy magic. Kelpie couldn't act recklessly.

"Boy, I heard that your going against that Blue Knight Earl."

As soon as the lad heard that name, his face twisted into a cruel, cold-blooded one.

"Ah, yes, since it's my duty to kill the earl."

"Hmm, so you're going to kill him. How?"

"I'm going to slowly torture him and finish him off."

He had no reason to oppose. However, Kelpie was worried about Lydiawho was in close proximity to the earl.

And besides, this boy was much more despicable than that stuck-up earl. And Kelpie felt that because he could see that this human had the power to communicate with fairies and considered them only to use as he pleased.

Chapter 6 - The goblin's maze

"Hey, Pops."

It was completely out of the blue for a black wavy-haired young man to appear at the university laboratory that Professor Carlton was spending the night to prepare the drafts for his seminar.

The young man jumped into the room through the window and sat down on top of his desk and Carlton was aware that this big attitude and tall figured man was a fairy acquaintance with Lydia, but this fae had never spoken to Carlton, so he was a little taken-aback.

In addition, he suddenly called Carlton 'Pops.' Carlton's first thought was I am not your father because he had a vague feeling that this was the fae that was trying to take Lydia as his bride.

"Where is Lydia? Pops."

Carlton pushed up his round spectacles and gathered up his scattered out documents.

"It's midnight. It's the time of day when she should be asleep at home."

"She's not there. Where is she wandering around at?"

"If it's the young lady, then she is with the earl."

There was another voice from a different direction. Carlton watched as the young man walked over to the cupboards and spotted how the tourmaline crystal that was placed there was strangely wobbling around.

"You, what are you doing here?"

The young man plucked something up with his fingers and the tourmaline crystal also went floating up into the air.

"The young lady's father surely does have magnificent stones in his possession.

This is a place that relaxes for fairies like me from the iron mine."

Carlton figured out that there was an invisible fairy from just listening to its voice as he rested his cheek on his palm.

"Do you think they are good stones?"

"Why, look at this finely detailed granite stone."

"That's right. It seems like you and I share the same interest. Students these days are so devoted in categorizing that they seem to not have the admiration towards the stone's beauty."

"Oh, my, that will not do at all. A stone is in other words a part of the earth's mystery. Gemstones are not the only wonderful thing on this earth."

Carlton made a strong nod.

"Who cares about that, more importantly, you said that Lydia is with the earl, where is that?"

The young man violently shook the fairy that he still held dangling in his fingers.

"Oh, please, no, stop, they are at the place called a harem."

"A ha-harem?"

Carlton finally realized that it was a matter of emergency and quickly stood up.

"What do you mean by that exactly?" he asked the fae.

"The Lord Earl had prepared a wonderful room for the young lady. If the two of them would spend some time alone together, I can guarantee that their love for each other would deepen."

"Hold on just a second, the earl prepared a room so that he could use it to spend time with Lydia?"

And besides, it was midnight right now. Not being at home at this hour of the night and that she was with the earl was something that was unforgivable in the first place.

"Now that I think about it, I finally get what a harem is. It's a place where a man locks up his own woman. So that no one else would take her."

"Oh, is that so, then as long as the young miss is there, that would mean there is no one who can pull those two apart. Well, good indeed."

"Hey, where is that harem place."

"It's in a shop called Madam Eve Palace. Uhh, the address is...."

"Hurry up and guide me there!"

The young man created a whirl wind that swept up all the papers in the room and vanished. It seemed like the voice-only small fairy had also disappeared. Carlton stood alone in completely dumb-founded.

After a little while, he darted out into the hallway and ran over to the room that his apprentice was in that stored all the reference works and files of information material.

"Langley, where is the place called Madam Eve Palace?"

"Professor, if there is something you would like to look up then please list them in priority. I haven't completed with today's list yet."

"This one is top priority."

Langley finally lifted his head up.

"Madam Eve Palace, was it?"

"Uh, it seems to be a harem kind of place, but isn't a harem like a seraglio of a polygamous country? I've heard that in a polygamous country like that, as soon as the kings or feudal lords found a young girl who caught their eye, they would capture them and take them to their harems to make them their wives."

"Oh, that. The truth of the building where the upper-class frequently visit and enjoy as a harem palace is shrouded in mystery."

"You know of it."

"It's the lavish building that's on Charing Cross, isn't it? But it didn't seem like any high-class prostitute women were coming-and-going out of it, and yet the place orders women's dresses and accessories and every kind of thing that a woman would need, and so I heard that there might be a princess from somewhere or a woman is being locked inside there for a specific reason. So the customers of that Madam Eve Palace think of themselves as sultans, and have their second or third wives in their own private harem hidden from society. Although it's just a rumor."

Carlton wobbled wearingly away from the desk.

"Is there something about that place?"

".....No, nothing."

Lydia is at that place secretly meeting with the earl? A place where women are secretly locked up in?

Even though he thought that was impossible, Carlton didn't quite have his share of trust that the earl was a normal, decent human being.

However, to Lydia, he was an important figure for he needed her abilities as a

fairy doctor, and to begin with, Carlton was well aware that because that young man wasn't the earl, he needed Lydia's help all the more.

Carlton also felt that the reason for his daughter to still be by his side and living in the human world was all thanks to the work of that earl.

But still, if he intended to treat his daughter as his mistress, then it was a different story. If society were to find out that she was played around with and became damaged as a marriageable woman, he couldn't imagine how much pain Lydia would be put through.

The Carlton family wasn't in the upper-class, but in their hometown they were a well-known family line from the old days and in the present day they don't have the feeling of belittling themselves against nobles.

He had no plans of staying silent after having his properly grown daughter's future was going to be ruined.

But he wondered how Lydia felt about this. When he started to think about that, his mind suddenly drew a misty cloud over his rage towards the earl.

He may have brought up Lydia much too freely, but at the core, she was a kind, good-hearted girl.

She might appear slightly unconventional in comparison to the current female trend as the ideal woman to be naïve and submissive, but even her mother was the same kind of woman.

And because of that, he was aware that even when she reached a marriageable age, all the young men kept their distances from her, but Carlton's opinion was that she didn't have to socialize with a man who didn't understand and appreciate Lydia's value.

On the other hand, if she were to seriously fall in love, then he thought that she wouldn't go to anyone for help or advice and would take care of things on her own.

In other words, the point which Carlton was worried about was in the case when Lydia went ahead herself and became the lover of the earl.

When he started to recall certain things, he had expressed signs of dislike at the rumors between Lydia and the Earl and had taken the attitude like he disapproved of her loving someone or getting married. Of course, that was

because of his selfish feelings of loneliness as a father, but if she thought he was going to disapprove, then that could have just made her not be able to come out with what was going on.

However, thought Carlton and shook his head to the sides violently. Lydia was still a minor. She still had many childish parts about her, and even if she was able to take care of herself, she was inexperienced in the ways of the human society, and for that lady's man earl, she was an easy target to deceive.

No matter what Lydia's feelings were, that earl might not be the typical kind of man, but he isn't stupid. He should know that that sort of act wouldn't be dismissed as just a passing fancy.

No matter how he thought of it, this wasn't a simple matter to let by.

When he came to that decision, Carlton returned to his laboratory and pulled on his coat and ran back out the door.



The Nightmare is stirring.

Lydia was resting while she was drifting in a slumber, and unbeknownst to her she was pulled into the grasp of the Nightmare.

It was a nightmare where she wasn't able to escape out of the maze made by the goblins. Lydia wandered aimlessly in the dark holes and tunnels.

When she noticed a presence, right behind was Ulysses. He pressed a knife against Lydia's throat and ordered her to hand over the black diamond.

You can't have the diamond, said Edgar who was standing near them out of the blue.

Then you're fine with this girl dying.

In that moment, Lydia felt like her body was slashed through and her mind was thrown into dizziness.

She thought she was killed, but since it was just a happening in a dream, even though she was dead, her mind was still thinking.

I'm sorry, Lydia.

What is that supposed to mean. Are you just going to say a quick sorry and sacrifice me?

But, Lydia had been worrying daily that kind of thing might happen.

The most important thing to Edgar was his revenge at Prince, and if it was for the sake of avenging for his friends that were killed, then he was sure to abandon Lydia.

If I stay by his side, this was bound to happen....

He says he has feelings for me and he wants me to marry him, but that's all a lie.

Ohh I hate this, I hate this dream.

Lydia whispered 'help me' and then felt the shine of the moonstone ring fight back against the power of the Nightmare.

The scenery changed back. Edgar was standing in front of Ulysses and was about to make a different decision. He said 'I don't want the diamond, so save Lydia.'

Ulysses replied 'then in exchange I'll have you die.' Just as he was ordered, Edgar aimed the pistol towards his head.

I'm sorry, Lydia.

No.....

Guardian moonstone fairy, weren't you going to scare away the Nightmare? Isn't this just a nightmare?

I don't want this.

If you don't want either of this, then you need to get away from him.

"Lydia."

Yes, you might be right.

There wasn't any absolute reason for Lydia to have to be by Edgar's side.

She was somehow mixed into this situation and was set up as his fiancée, but it wasn't like she hated him and she wanted to help him, but there was a limit to be by his side just by feelings of sympathy.

He would periodically single her out since he was aware she wasn't able to bring herself to agree on everything Edgar was doing.

And yet, Edgar told her that it was right of her to scold him from her sense of righteousness on things she couldn't agree on. He needed that sense and so he wanted her to be by his side.

But that was impossible.

If she stayed by Edgar's side without completely understanding him, that would only increase her distrust in him. Eventually she would become his victim.

Or he might end up destroying himself.

If that nightmare was going to become reality, then it might as well as be best for them to part.

"Lydia, are you in pain?"

Lydia felt someone's hand touch her cheek and opened her eyes. She was able to feel like she had finally escaped out of that nightmare but wasn't able to realize that Edgar was right in front of her at first.

That's why she subconsciously reached out her hand. She wrapped her arms around him to make sure of his presence.

"It's all right. You were just dreaming," he answered.

As she felt his fingers comb through her hair, she started to calm down.

And realize what she was doing.

"I-I...., I'm sorry, I was feeling a little dizzy,"

She tried to back away from him, but her body didn't respond as she wanted.

"You can stay a little dizzy for just a while longer," he offered.

I need to get away from him.

She remembered the words that she felt in her dream.

Lydia didn't want to become a victim of Edgar and didn't want to make him a victim.

But for some reason, there was a moment when she felt like she didn't want to leave his side.

"Hey, you, don't touch Lydia."

It should have been just the two of them, but there came another voice. When they turned their heads, they saw a black horse come jumping out of the mirror near them.

"K-Kelpie.....?"

"This place sure is awful; it's filled with the holes made by goblins. Anyways, Lydia, we're getting out of here immediately."

Kelpie transformed to his human form at once, pushed aside Edgar and pulled up Lydia's arm.

"W-wait one second. If we're getting out, then Edgar...."

"He can't come. I can only take one person, and if I separate you from the earl, then he said he wouldn't lay a finger on the fairy doctor. So I'm taking only you."

"He? Are you referring to Ulysses?"

Edgar stood up with a look like this was all bothersome, but he didn't try to stop Kelpie who was lifting Lydia up to carry her.

"How would I know his name? It's the one who's controlling the goblins. He was the one who stole the white diamond from me."

"Stop it, Kelpie, put me down!"

"Don't be stupid."

"Edgar, say something!"

"Hey, Earl, I'll warn you just for sake. The one named Ulysses said he was going to kill you and then jumped into the goblin's hole. You should be careful so that you don't bump into him."

Kelpie arrogantly slung Lydia over his shoulder and leaped into the mirror.

Without allowing Edgar any time to stop them, the vision around her turned entirely black.

Or maybe he didn't have any intention of stopping me?

Was he thinking that I only going to be in the way when I've caught a cold and wobbling around?

Kelpie kept on galloping through the darkness.

Lydia felt the wind blow past her and realized that she was now riding on the back of his horse form and clinging onto his neck. She felt the soft hairs of his mane brush up against her cheek.

She was wearing Edgar's coat and still had on the black diamond.

She was in the closed realm between the human world and the otherworld. Kelpie kept on going, galloping through the maze of the goblins.

Being and in the setting of Ulysses' scheme, surrounded by goblins, Lydia thought there was no other place safer than riding on the back of Kelpie, but then her mind drifted to the thought that maybe Edgar had come to that idea as well.

If Ulysses said he wasn't going to harm the fairy doctor once she got away from Edgar's side, then that meant he was being cautious of Kelpie's magic and was keeping distance from them.

Since he knew that a water horse is a dangerous fae, he wouldn't be able to get his hands on her that easily.

And the black diamond on the necklace that Lydia was wearing would also be protected.

Then, does that mean the one that Edgar wanted to really protect was the black diamond?

Or could his words from yesterday about how I was more important than the diamond really be what he meant?

If the kiss she was made to have unwillingly was actually a lie, then this was too sad.

This is unfair, Edgar.

Do you need me? Or do you not?

I don't know the answer. But, I can't let myself separate from him right now.

Lydia thought that strongly.

In the middle of darkness, there was a light glowing dimly from the moonstone.

The ring of Glendolyn was radiating with light.

You are the new guardian fairy of the new earl aren't you, it asked.

No. I'm not going to marry Edgar.

But, I am his fairy doctor. If he doesn't even need that, than I need him to tell me that, or I wouldn't know what to do.

Lydia let her hand go from Kelpie.

"Hey, Lydia?" shouted Kelpie.

Her body fell.

In the deep pool of darkness, she kept on falling down and down, as she was protected by the faint light of the moonstone.



Edgar, who was now alone, walked over to the hole in the wall dug open supposedly by the goblins.

There was no point in staying in the same place. He took a candle in one hand,

and decided to enter the hole.

He imagined it would be cramped, but there was enough space for him to stand up and walk easily. It seemed like it adapted to the height of who was in it.

He found out that the cave passageway, which walls were surrounded by rocks, continue far off into the distance. And when he turned around, there wasn't any sign of the hole into the Madam Eve Palace room that should have been behind him, only a rocky wall blocked Edgar's view.

I see now. He was convinced that once someone leaves the previous place, they wouldn't be able to return to that spot.

Which means he was only left with the option of going forward.

Edgar turned back to the dark passageway and walked on.

No matter how much time went by, the passage continued to be one single path. At one point, he made a mark with a knife on the wall on the right side of him. After he went on a ways, that mark appeared on the wall on his left hand side.

"Is this place the Moebius strip?"

Maybe it was a mistake to let Lydia go, he thought, but there was nothing he could do to change that now.

Just when he was thinking what he should do next, there was a flickering light coming from up ahead.

Someone's there. Is it Ulysses?

"Lord Edgar!"

At the familiar voice, Edgar let himself relax.

"Raven, you were all right."

Raven came dashing up to him and then knelt down in front of Edgar.

"I am terribly sorry. Because I was away from your side unduly, I was unable to return."

"Ahh, that's right, it was so troublesome without you."

"Did something happen?"

Raven quickly asked back with a serious expression on his face, and moved his gaze to search if Edgar had injured himself anywhere.

"Well, I was alone with Lydia. And on top of that, she's wearing a thin piece of

clothing, and she was weak from fever, so I had such a terrible time trying to hold myself back."

".....Uh-huh."

"But, I have to say, women who have a fever are three times more seductive than they usually are. Her cheeks were blushed with pink, and she looked up at me with such moist, damp eyes, I could only think she was inviting me. Thankfully, I remembered how I was clawed yesterday, so I was able to refrain myself."

Edgar crouched down to look into Raven's eyes who seemed to be confused even as his face was locked in an expressionless state.

"Did you see?"

".....And you mean by?"

"Lydia's bellybutton."

"

Seeing as Raven averted his eyes away from their eye contact, he must have taken a very good look at it.

"Forget that."

Even as he made a faint smile, he made sure that there was a strong hint of the meaning in his order.

"Yes."

Raven bowed his head.

"Oh I mean really! And I was wondering what it was you two were talking about so seriously about!"

Behind Raven, there was a cat wearing a necktie and stood up-right on its hindlegs.

"Why, this is serious. Nico, if it was Raven, then well, I'd forgive him, but if it was another man, then I would have to carve his eyes out."

"More importantly, where's Lydia," asked the feline fairy.

"Kelpie took her out of here. It seems Ulysses is also in this goblin maze. And it seems like the goblins went after Marquis Barkston, and so the reason why Ulysses is making the goblins use the Madam Eve Palace and make it into a maze was so that he could capture the marquis. Although he still might not

know that we have entered as well."

"If it was the marquis, I have cornered him in a room filled with portraits and tied him up, but it seems like that room has also become a part of this maze, and once I stepped out, I was unable to get back into it," explained Raven.

And so Nico found Raven who was wandering around inside the maze and was leading him through the passageways.

Edgar didn't know why Nico was here, but it seemed like since he was a fairy, he was able to figure out which way to go.

"So, Nico, which way is it to the exit?"

"It looks like there isn't any particular exit. And I don't have the animal strength like Kelpie to pound open a hole."

"So it looks like our only option is to come in contact with Ulysses."

As he said that, Edgar stood up.

"It seems that the white diamond has gotten into the hands of Ulysses. And if that's so, then we need to think up of what to do from now. ...For the mean time, I want to have a talk with the marguis."

"Are you going to use him, my lord?"

"Well, let's see.... Raven, will you trust me no matter what happens?"

The young man looked back up at him curiously, but didn't hesitate to reply 'yes.'

"Let's hurry to the marquis. Nico, you'll guide us right."

"Gahhh, but I don't want to be anywhere near that Ulysses. There's a chance that he might come to where the marquis is, right?"

"But even you wouldn't be able to get out of here unless Ulysses opens up an exit, right?"

Nico placed his hands on his hips and narrowed his eyes with discontent, but he swirled around to face the other direction, and started to tread on as he swished around his tail.



The place where Lydia fell down into was where the goblins gathered into a circle as they were in the middle of a feast.

The small, dirty room didn't look like it was part of that Madam Eve Palace.

Which means the goblins could have dug a tunnel that connected to some other realm.

She looked around to spot one of them picking up a bottle of spirits that was as big and tall as their height and chugged it down its throat like it was a fountain but then swiftly started to make a loud ruckus which sounded like a frog.

They were completely drunk and only noticed Lydia, who had come crashing down to them, just when she quietly stood up and was trying to carefully hide herself.

She watched as they all died down and their distorted faces turn to Lydia's direction one-by-one.

(Who are you?)

(How did you come into here?)

"I.....I am a fairy doctor. Listen everyone, it's best you all don't come any closer to me."

Because her attire was different from was in her normal clothes, she didn't have her usual, hidden stash of hawthorns which had the power to ward off fairies.

But still, the evil-spirited, small fairies must have been taken-aback by her saying she was a fairy doctor, as they all quickly backed away from Lydia.

(It's the black jewel.)

But another one of them whispered something unexpected.

Lydia realized what it was referring to, and swopped up her hand to hide the necklace.

(Isn't that the one that the master was looking for?)

(Is that true?)

(Oi, then what shall we do?)

Lydia stepped over to the shadow of the hearth to hide her body and quickly took off the necklace and dropped and hid it into one of the pockets of the coat she was wearing.

But, even if she hid it, she wasn't able to deceive them. How would she be able to out-smart the goblins?

".....Please help me....."

Just then, she heard the faint voice of someone calling for help from the corner

of the room.

She shifted her eyes towards that direction and strained to see what it was in that dark corner, and saw that there was a small boy surrounded by goblins and cowering in fear.

He was so thin and spare of flesh, but she was familiar with his chalk white face.

He was that bad-mouthed boy that she met at the earl's mansion library.

He looked up at her with begging eyes and tried to crawl out of the spot he was in, but the strength in his body suddenly went out and his body slumped to the floor.

Lydia kicked aside the goblins and rushed over towards him.

"Hey, you, uhh, Jimmy? Pull yourself together."

She remembered Edgar saying something about a boy being captured by Ulysses. Lydia decided she must save him and tried to carry him up into her arms, but then the goblins suddenly broke out into chaos.

(Hey, stop that.)

(You can't do whatever you please.)

"Ouch, what are you doing?!"

One of them had poked Lydia's leg with a small shovel.

"......That jewel....," murmured the boy.

"These creatures said that I was a hostage so that they could trade me with the diamond," he explained.

(That's right.)

(The master said so.)

(If you hand over that jewel, we'll give you that boy.)

Oh, no, what should I do? thought Lydia.

She was just borrowing it from Edgar. She couldn't go and hand it over to the enemy without his consult.

But, she wanted to help Jimmy.

....Oh, I know.

Lydia came up with a good idea, and stood up so that she could look down at the goblins around her.

"So you'll give him to me if I give you this."

She opened up the palm of her hand and showed the goblins the black, sparkling stone.

That's the one, cried out all of them.

"So, it's a trade then."

She made sure that they all nodded, and Lydia threw the stone in the other direction.

All of the goblins panicked and rushed over towards it.

In that moment, Lydia pulled the boy up-right.

"Now, hurry. We need to run, now."

She somehow managed to steady him up and pulled his hand and dashed through the door. There didn't seem to be any sound of the goblins coming after them, but Lydia wanted to get as far away from them as quickly as she could.

"The diamond....., you're crazy to hand over the diamond when it belongs to the earl."

Jimmy hobbled after her while he snarled at her in anger.

And you were the one who said yourself that you were a hostage for the diamond. Lydia was silently surprised at how he still was keeping the stance of mocking her.

"That was just a piece of coal. The goblins won't realize that for a while."

".....Coal?"

Near the area that Jimmy was lying down, there was a bucket filled with coal. Lydia had sneaked a piece of coal which was the same size as the diamond into the palm of her hand and that was what she used with the goblins.

They had agreed to exchange Jimmy for what Lydia had showed them.

"So you tricked them."

"Tricked them...., it was to save you."

In a matter of time, they came into a darkly-lit passage way.

There were buildings hovering over them on both sides. It was a path that went through a poor area of a city, with old and crumbling bricks, shattered glass and windows with broken slatted shutters and window frames lined unevenly on the walls of the buildings.

But this place was also another part caught in the tunnels of the goblins, and so it wasn't like they had managed to escape from the maze.

Lydia started to get lost with the direction and when she stopped running, Jimmy snapped his hand away from her that she was leading.

"Where's the earl?He should have come to rescue me."

"Yes, he's here. We all separated to search for you."

But he only looked back at Lydia suspiciously.

"Did you steal the earl's black diamond?"

"Huh? What are you saying?"

He suddenly held something pointing out of his closed fist and she saw that it was a piece of glass with a dangerous, sharp edge.

"You, you won the earl's favor and stole it from him, didn't you?"

"Wh-what are you talking about?"

"From the start, I suspected you might be a spy. You're just like him who can see fairies. That man who caught me and locked me up."

"Hold on just a moment, Ulysses and I have no...."

"Hand over the real diamond. It's useless to pretend to save me and try to take advantage of me."

"You're wrong. Believe me. I....."

"You pretend you're human, but you're really a fae, aren't you. You work for him, don't you?"

"You're wr-..."

"You can't trick me!"

With the glass shade in his hand, he leaped towards her. Lydia didn't know what she should do.

Just then, Jimmy's movement suddenly stopped.

Ermine had a grip on the boy's arm and pulled him away from Lydia.

"Stop what you're doing. She really is an ally of Lord Edgar."

Jimmy realized Ermine and in surprise, let go of his strength. However, he still wasn't able to let himself trust Lydia that easily.

"You're lying, you're being tricked by her!"

He shook his head in disarray and suddenly dashed off in another direction.

Ermine tried to go after him, but once the sight of him disappeared around the corner of the tunnel, she stopped tracking and pulled back to come the way she came.

She must have decided that if she went after Jimmy, then she would become separated with Lydia.

"Miss Carlton, are you all right?"

"Yes. But, Ermine, how did you enter this place?"

"I'm not quite sure. I stepped into a building that Jimmy was locked up in, but then the space around me suddenly turned and twisted - sort of speak - and it seemed like the roads and buildings above had become twisted within this realm."

"That must be because the goblins had dug these tunnels. The space you were in must have been pulled into the maze. I think Edgar and Raven are also here somewhere, as well as Marquis Barkston and Ulysses."



Ermine nodded solemnly.

"A number of the Scarlett Moon members were also looking for Jimmy, so I'd wager that they were pulled into here and lost as well."

"That boy, I hope he would be able to meet up with them."

"For the mean time, let us both keep moving. I'm sure Lord Edgar will be needing you."

I can bet against that.

With Jimmy being so insolent towards her, she had lost all of her confidence. Making her wonder if her golden-green eyes and the fact that she could see fairies really gave off such a creepy impression.

No, no, more importantly than that, I've remained here because I am a fairy doctor.

Lydia said that to herself in her head and pressed on through the tunnel with Ermine.

As they walked, the decorations on her clothing started to make the rustling sound of tinkling and that bothered her. Making her wonder what Ermine was thinking when she saw that Lydia was wearing the clothing that the doll was wearing.

I wonder if she thinks I came to investigate about Edgar having an affair.

On top of that, I'm wearing his coat.

"Uh, Ermine, about the clothes I'm wearing, it wasn't like I'm wearing this because it was my wishing so."

"Yes, I can imagine that there was some kind of trouble that occurred. But, you were lucky that Lord Edgar was able to lend you his coat."

"Huh? Why?"

"Since it would be a good opportunity, he'd think he might as well enjoy the view."

Lydia realized Ermine was actually the type of person who didn't have trouble saying such embarrassing things.

".....Doesn't that mean this wasn't such a pleasant view?"

"He must have not had the confidence with ending it with just viewing." Oh geesh.

Lydia thought she needed to change the subject.

As they had continued to watch through the complicated tunnel passages, there were a growing number of them ending in a dead-end.

"You know, I feel like the goblin's maze is starting to become smaller."

"If that is true, I wonder what that means."

"It looks like they are trying to gather everyone near the center."

If everyone who has entered this maze was gathered at the center, she wondered what it was Ulysses was planning on doing with them.

As Lydia was thinking, a hole suddenly opened up under her feet.

Ermine immediately noticed and grabbed Lydia's hand, but the ground under her feet gave out as well, and the both of them went falling down.

The distance they fell was a short one. It wasn't that hard of an impact as it

normally would be in reality, as the two of them were able to bring out their hands to softly land on the ground, but when Lydia tried to stand up, she felt the cold, piercing edge of a blade against her cheek and froze.

"Welcome, young ladies."

A young boy of a man with faint blond hair with a grin on his face came into her view.

"Ulysses.....!"

Ermine tried to go into a stance to attack, but Ulysses wrapped his arm around Lydia and pulled her right up next to him, making Ermine stop.

"Don't you move. You don't want the earl's woman to become a corpse, do you? Ohh, or is it, you would be more happy if she was dead?"

A crowd of goblins appeared and circled around them. They were all screaming and shouting as they kicked and stomped down on Lydia's foot.

They were barking furiously at her how the diamond she gave them was a fake. However, lucky for her, it seemed like Ulysses still didn't know that Lydia had the real black diamond with her.

"If it's a hostage you want, then take me. Let her go," implored Ermine.

"Don't try to talk like you're a saint. I wouldn't mind if I kill her, you know. If I kill this girl and you claimed you tried to save her but it was impossible and went wailing to him, then I'm sure the earl would forgive you."

"Foolish nonsense," calmly retorted Ermine, and that made the grinning Ulysses tut his tongue.

"I see. No matter how many of his lovers die, it would be hardly possible that he would lay his fingers on Prince's old woman."

Even if he mocked her like that, the expression on her face didn't change.

Lydia had heard that all of them were slaves. However, seeing how Ermine was burdened with a different kind of pain from Edgar and Raven, it made her crushed with pain and suffocation.

"Walk ahead of me. You want to see the earl, don't you? Fairy doctor, if you're walking around here wearing that man's coat, then I can guess he has come in to this maze as well, hasn't he? I'll take you to him."

Ulysses ordered Ermine as he still had the knife in his hand pointed at Lydia.

Ermine looked worryingly over to Lydia, seemingly not sure what to do. If she went along with Ulysses' order, she must be worried if Lydia might go through a terrifying experience.

"Ermine, I'm fine."

Lydia couldn't go on depending on Ermine. She was well aware that Ulysses might be here.

Lydia wasn't able to understand their pain, but it wasn't like she remained here with the intention of becoming a baggage to them.

After Lydia agreed with a firm tone, Ermine nodded and started to walk in the direction Ulysses pointed to.

Chapter 7 - Stronger than diamond

"Jean-mary, I am at my end."

Marquis Barkston, still tied to a chair, peered up to a portrait on the wall.

"I betrayed Prince. If Ulysses finds me, I'll surely be killed. If I could get my hands on those two diamonds....., I believed you would appear wearing both of the two legendary diamonds and desire the same as I, but I only fell into the trap of my enemies."

The gaze of the noble lady in the numerous portraits surrounding him were facing his direction with a faint, silent smile on her face.

"Jean-mary, you didn't desire the marriage with the duke, right? I thought you wouldn't forget about me and I had planned to rescue you from the clutches of that duke, but I can't help but wonder if I only appeared like the devil to your eyes."

Everything must be meaningless to her now.

He was a man who meant nothing more to her than a fiancé her parents decided, and now, it seemed like he wasn't even worthy of being hated by her and instead ignored, which made him fall into despair deeper and deeper.

Just a little earlier in this room, Jean-mary was answering back to his love. But just like he had waken from a dream and realized that everything was just an illusion, the lady in the paintings no longer spoke back to him.

"Oh, the Barkston family is doomed. Eventually, Prince will come to England. There will be a new rebellion. That should have been the day that our family who served Prince has been waiting for, and yet I am going to receive my death sentence."

There was a presence of someone behind him.

"So if Prince were to rule over England, your family would have been given the reward of a senior associate position? However, not only has that become impossible but your doom is looming right before you. What would happen if the nation were to find out about the Barkston family's plot?"

Marquis Barkston turned around to the source of the voice and found the young blond-haired earl standing there.

".....If you loathe me, then go and kill me."

If he was able to die here, then he was fine with that.

The survivor of the Blue Knight Earl family, who was go against Prince. That's why Barkston was told by Ulysses to be careful about Edgar Ashenbert.

However, it looked like the true identity of the earl was more complex. Ulysses knew that, yet, he didn't reveal that to him.

"There is still something that I would like you to do."

"I have no interest to do your bidding."

"I'm saying I'm giving you a chance. Pledge me your loyalty. Just like you, or your ancestor had once done to the exiled prince who called himself the Prince of Wales."

This young man must be the son of Jean-mary. He was the heir who carried the thick blood of the royal family that Prince so desperately wanted.

However, Prince failed in making this man fall into his grasp.

"That man in America is sure to die. I will kill him. That's why your prince is me." As the marquis looked up, he remembered how in the old times, it was believed that God was the one to bestow the throne.

That's why, even now, people still wished for that purity in royal blood.

His shining golden hair, his merciful smile, his ash mauve eyes that shimmered with sagacity. If he was blessed with those features because he was born into the duke family, then Prince, who was trying to make a replica of himself, had unbeknownst to him, created an entity that surpassed even himself?

Edgar felt sure that Barkston, who peered up at him with his mouth hanging open, had lost all of his power to resist.

He made Raven unraveled the rope that was binding the marquis. Raven restrained the man who tried to stand up and made him kneel down on one knee.

"What is it you want from me."

"I would like you to retrieve the 'Daydream' from Ulysses. If that is supposed to belong to Prince, then it is mine."

Edgar went on with an even more colder voice.

"Once you're done, I don't mind if you go on to join Jean-mary. Although I can't say that she would remember you at all."

The marquis, whose head remained hanging, couldn't stop his shoulders from trembling either from anger or terror.

"Are you implying that I kill myself?"

"I shall take your life as your sign of allegiance. Isn't it a reasonable price? Just with that alone, your family will be spared. Think about it clearly, you deceived Her Royal Highness and hid the 'Daydream.' That is a serious crime. You may be able to become a hero if Prince was able to take over the throne, but now you have betrayed him as well. So your only remaining option is to cling to me. Her Majesty and Prince wouldn't forgive you with just your death, but I'm suggesting that I wouldn't mind pardoning you."

".....That's impossible. I wouldn't be able to do something like getting back the diamond from Ulysses."

"I see. If you can't, then that just means one marquis family is going to disappear."

And I don't leave any stone unturned, added Edgar.

As if he boiled up his last remaining courage so he could take one last look at the face of the devil, the marquis solemnly lifted up his gaze.

"You are exactly like Prince. You are the same kind of human as the man you despise."

"Then you would understand how you don't have any freedom in choosing, wouldn't you?"

How to make people do as you wish, fill them with fear, cornering and taking complete control over them. Edgar was well-aware of Prince's methods.

As Edgar used those methods in order to rebel, he always felt he was growing more and more similar to Prince.

No, this is simply knowledge. I'm just using the same methods that I'm the most familiar with. It isn't like my entity is changing. Even if he tried to think that, the doubt still lingered.

It was a sensation like a poison was soaking into him and staining him.

However, Edgar made the final blow in order to control the marquis.

"Now, are you ready? After you leave here, your job will be to deliver the 'Daydream' to my palace mansion."

".....Where you say?"

"From the Buckingham Palace. If it was there, wouldn't they surely keep it safely stored? And when you have successfully restored the Sylvainford family honor, I shall forgive you. Eventually, I will have your manor bought, so you must make sure to tell your whole family who their monarch is."

Edgar wasn't sure if the marquis took his declaration of killing Prince and taking away his position seriously.

However, the marquis should be fully aware that his only path is to accept Edgar who was standing in front of him as the heir of Bonnie Prince Charlie.

For the marquis, who had the dream of winning Jean-mary, he also dreamed of reviving the English Royal Family deeply connected with his family line.

The marquis narrowed his eyes in a dream-like stance, as if he was imagining the illusion of that coming true by Edgar's hands and slowly bowed his head.

Kneeling down on the floor, he unsteadily raised one hand to his heart.

"Your Royal Highness Prince of Wales....., as you wish."

"Go."

Edgar watched Marquis Barkston stand up and wearingly walk out, and then sat down onto the sofa exhausted and disgusted.

"Lord Edgar, do you not feel well?"

Raven asked him with worry, as he must have become a little nervous from what just happened between Edgar and the Marquis just now.

"No, I'm fine."

Edgar felt unsure. It was like there was already some part of that hateful man's personality digging his way into himself.

Prince of Wales? Buckingham Palace? That was idiotic.

Even if he was from the bloodline of Bonnie Prince, that wasn't any different from how the Sylvainford family carried the blood of a prince or princess from the old times.

But when Edgar imagined the possibility that Prince, who was the root of all evil

and terror to him, might have even been dominated by a powerful fate of the Royal Family, which made him unsure if he would be unable to escape from that as well.

But Edgar's only desire was to exact his revenge on Prince. His title as a noble and his bloodline with the Royal family didn't mean anything to him at this point.

Earl of Ibrazel; that should be enough.

And then, he would think of Lydia.

If she would stay by his side, then he would be all right.

"I wonder if Marquis Barkston would be successful in retrieving the diamond from Ulysses," said Raven.

"Who knows? He happens to be the eldest son of a historically long and distinguished marquis family, so wouldn't he desperately struggle to get it? Even if it was impossible to obtain the diamond, he should be able to think of how to satisfy me."

Even though the doubt about how the Sylvainford family stole the Royal family's diamond didn't have any evidence behind it and although there was no punishment, the suspicion still lingered. Even if he cleared the doubt, it was impossible that Edgar could reveal his identity as the eldest child of the duke family and he was aware that he wouldn't be able to retrieve his family name, but at the least, he wanted to protect the honor of his deceased father.

Feeling someone's eyes on him, Edgar turned his neck around. He saw that there was a gray-haired cat sitting on an armchair and staring back at him with suspicion.

"Nico, that was an act just now, all of it."

"I was starting to think that you were really planning to become a real prince and start some war."

"War? But I have no army."

So if you had one, you would start one, the fairy cat murmured.

"Just like I thought, you're fishy," said Nico.

The cat wasn't mistaken about that. Since Edgar was thinking the same thing about himself.

- "Are you planning to oppose in my marriage with Lydia?"
- "In my opinion, I think you're not that serious about it from the start."
- "I am serious."
- "But you're thinking it won't come true. You just want to watch a peaceful and fun dream, that's all."
- "I don't want to end in as a dream."
- "Even though you're not making any actions to make it comes true? Even if you win Lydia with your flirting, it won't come true. You're not thinking about Lydia's feelings or her future at all and just talking about marriage. At this rate, I pity the poor Lydia."
- With a quiet voice, he persecuted Edgar.
- But not taking any methods to make it come true? He thought that as long as Lydia was willing, then it would come true.
- "Are you saying that I have to stop my revenge?" asked Edgar.
- "It would be pointless to say you have to become a decent human being at his point."
- So he didn't look like a decent person even to a cat.
- Even as he contemplated that he should be depressed and seriously start to reflect on himself, Edgar had already reached the conclusion that there was no remedy and had given up.
- He wouldn't be able to fight on with any honest, decent nerves.
- However if one were to ask if Lydia would still give Edgar love and not pity, well, he thought that it would be difficult.
- "Now, then, I guess I should head off. He's started to get loud from a little while ago."
- Nico hopped down from off the chair.
- "He who?" asked Edgar.
- "Kelpie. I guess horses aren't very good with paths that turn and twist like this."
- "Hold on, if Kelpie is still here, then what happened to Lydia?"
- "I was worried about that and that's why I'm going to see. Even if the kelpie was wandering around here on his own, that has nothing to do with me."
- So, something could have happened to Lydia.

Beyond the wall, there was the sound of grinding and digging. The room appeared like it was swaying and curling to Edgar's eyes.

He wondered if something was going to happen to this place which Lydia said was located in a space between the human realm and the fairy world.

Ulysses is coming, thought Edgar.



Carlton had been going on in dispute for thirty minutes with the gatekeeper of Madam Eve Palace.

Only those who were members were allowed to enter, and on top of that, the gatekeeper wouldn't let him know if the Earl Ashenbert was a member and if he was inside or not.

Carlton wasn't sure if a harem existed like the rumors or if there were women trapped inside, and if it were true he shouted that what they are doing was a crime, but the only reply was a polite 'We have nothing further to discuss. Please leave these grounds.'

They were taking an absolute, strict code of secrecy.

"What are you going to do if my daughter was in there?"

"There is no way that she would be."

"Then let me make sure."

"Will you like to become a member? You will need a referral from a current member and present the enrollment fee."

There were two gatekeepers with sturdily built frames, so they also must have the role of bodyguards. Their tone was polite but they stood up blocking Carlton with stone-hard coerce.

Even if he were to breakthrough, Carlton and his scrawny frame would easily be tossed back outside in a matter of seconds.

Just then, one of the gatekeepers spotted a parked carriage. One of them quickly rushed over to it and welcomingly opened the door. The one who came out of it was a plump, black-bearded man.

"Welcome, Mister Slade."

Carlton thought that name sounded familiar.

He quickly rushed over to the man's side. He yelled out before he could be

pushed aside by the gatekeeper.

"Mr. Slade? Are you perhaps the art dealer?"

"I happen to be so," said the man in a suspicious tone as he turned around to Carlton.

"Umm, my daughter happens to be an acquaintance of the painter Mr. Paul Foreman, and I was told of you by Mr. Foreman. Oh, my name is Carlton. My daughter and Earl Ashenbert...."

"What, the fairy doctor's father?"

Surprisingly, it seemed like he got through more quickly than expected.

"To tell you the truth, my daughter hasn't come back home. I happened to hear that she might be here."

"Miss Carlton? Here? Oh, no, that couldn't possibly be true."

For some reason, Carlton felt like the man appeared a little unnerved as he desperately denied the idea.

"Then I would like to make sure immediately. Isn't she with the earl?" asked Carlton.

"Ahhh, then let me go in and check."

This man, he might be going in and out of this place an acquaintance of the earl. Carlton became worried that Slade might not tell him the truth.

"Would it be possible for me to enter?"

"Oh, well, you see, about that,"

"The earl should be inside, isn't he? I would like to directly ask him. Even if Lydia is here or not, I couldn't let the idea of an unwed young girl is being pulled into a harem pass even if it were just a rumor."

It was just when he finished that line.

A tremendous sound of something exploding came from inside the building.

Even the startled gatekeepers turned around in surprise and dashed in a panic towards the building.

Carlton thought this was his chance and stepped through the doorway, but even in the spacious entrance hall and the stairway that swirled up with a golden railing, there wasn't any sign of damage or disruption.

However, the chandelier was the only thing that was swaying from side to side.

Slade was beckoning Carlton over, as he must have become nervous of entering inside by himself, not knowing what could be happening.

"The earl should be this way."

The hallway had a carpet rolled out over it and every inch of the walls and ceiling was covered with interior decorations. Slade stopped to stand in front of a large door that had a golden statue with jewels for its eyes.

He knocked the door, but there was no answer.

Carlton felt like there might be no one and couldn't bear to wait any longer and reached his hand to turn the knob.

"It won't open. Is it locked?"

"There are no keys here."

However, even if Slade tried to open it, the door wouldn't budge.

Next, they decided to use their bodies to slam open the door.

He and Slade used both their bodies at the same time to break open the door.

They fell down into the room from the running force and saw that the table and chairs in the room were turned over and there was a large gorge in wall so deep that you could see the plaster of the wall from the next room. The ceiling was crumbling and large pieces were hanging down.

But there was no one.

"What is going on?"

In the next moment, there was an enormous explosion sound and the building shook and trembled.

The servants were all running around in the building in a panicked frenzy.

Carlton dashed off towards the source of the tremendous sound.



Lydia kept on walking while surrounded by goblins.

She felt the presence of Ulysess' knife on her back as she followed Ermine who was walking ahead of them. The goblins were guiding the way.

In the dark dirt tunnel, only the lamp held by the goblins was the source of light. Eventually the path came to an end with an enormous bolder blocking their path. The path behind them was pitch black and impossible to make out anything, but seeing as the light didn't reach the far end, it could mean there

wasn't any existing path.

The maze of the goblins was slowly evaporating and steadily shrinking.

Ulysess ordered the goblins with his chin and they started to pick at the rock bolder with their pickaxes.

The rock cracked and crumbled apart to reveal a door.

Ulysses ordered Ermine to be the one to open it.

After opening, there revealed a room filled with portraits hanging on the walls.

All of the paintings were of Jean-mary.

The room had such tall walls, and the wide ceiling was definitely one of the rooms from Madam Eve Palace.

Which means this must be the harem of Marquis Barkston, thought Lydia, as she was dragged into the room by Ulysses.

"It seems I kept you waiting, Earl Ashenbert."

"I was thinking about leaving because you were so late."

Like the master of the room, Edgar was sitting down on the center sofa with his legs crossed and turned his gaze to inspect Ermine and Lydia, then over to Ulysses, but he didn't change his expression what-so-ever, so it was unknown what he was thinking.

Beside Edgar was Raven.

"Since this is such a rare opportunity, I would recommend you stay."

"I had intended on sending Lydia home first."

"I found her lost on her way so I brought her here."

"......Um, I fell off," explained Lydia.

Edgar let out a sigh, as if he had understood while confused.

Are you saying I'm a nuisance? Lydia felt somewhat disappointed.

Because she wanted to think he made Lydia go home with Kelpie, but in truth, he really needed her help.

"Now then, lord, you should have the 'Nightmare' in your possession. Ever since it was taken away from me by you previously, I knew that you would use that black diamond whose whereabouts were unknown and use it to deceive Marquis Barkston."

Lydia was frighteningly nervous.

Maybe she shouldn't have come back.

Edgar made Lydiago because he wanted to distance the black diamond from Ulysses and yet she came back bringing along the diamond with her.

In order to fight with Ulysess, he should need a fairy doctor. But this might have been a bigger problem than that.

Because Lydia was captured by Ulysess and she was unable to move.

"All right. I'll hand over the black diamond."

She realized that Ermine and Raven were signaling to each other by eye. Edgar must be aiming for the moment when Ulysses would be distracted with the diamond and try to restrain and hold him down.

That might be possible if they were in the space of the human world. But that was impossible in this place. Ulysses was the master of this realm. He had the goblins under his subjection.

If he were to get his hands on the diamond then he might immediately crush this space and make for an escape.

"No, you mustn't, Edgar, don't hand him the diamond!" cried out Lydia, desperately.

"I'm sorry; I made the decision of coming back here on my own. It seems whatever I do, it all backfires. This might be the power of the curse.... But, no matter what, don't give him the diamond."

"What a noisy girl."

In an irritated attitude, Ulysses pinned his knife against Lydia.

Everyone's focus fell onto that and Ermine used that opportunity to get close to Ulysses. She pulled out the knife she hid in her boot and tried to slash Ulysses with it.

She tried to push Lydia behind her and break in between the middle of them, but Lydia still had her arm gripped by Ulysses and back away.

However, in the next instant, Raven jumped into Lydia's view. Faster than Ulysses could react, a knife was thrown, aiming at his heart.

Her eyes picked up the sight of blood flicking through the air.

However, Lydiafelt the air around her and Ulysses loosen and warp for a moment.

Raven was startled and drew his body back.

As if they teleported, Lydia was still held under by Ulysses' arm and was pulled away from Ermine and Raven.

The one with blood on her arm was Ermine.

Ulysses snickered.

Edgar wasn't able to hide the shock on his face.

"Do you understand now, lord earl. Your group won't be able to adequately fight me in this place. Although I won't stop you if you desire to cut up each other."

And then, like he didn't care about Lydia any longer, he threw her aside.

Ulysses opened his mouth to speak in an icy, cold tone.

"The diamond, if you please? If you don't hurry up and bring it out, I'll have all of you buried here and die together."

"We're going to die even if we get out, aren't we?"

"If you bring it out willingly, lord earl, I won't mind letting only you survive."

"Do you think I would wish to be saved?"

"If you return to Our Highness' side, then you'll be sure to thank me."

Ulysses was calling Edgar, a traitor and an enemy who he loathed and hated, by an honorary title. But that wasn't because Edgar was currently an earl or because he was the eldest son of a duke family, but because he was connected in blood with the Royal Family.

She wondered if Ulysses really might not have the intention of actively taking a part in killing Edgar.

But Lydia couldn't think up of a way so everyone could survive without handing over the diamond.

Edgar helped Lydia up on her feet and in a casual manner slid his hand over the pocket of the coat she was wearing.

The black diamond was there.

Since Lydia wasn't wearing the black diamond necklace, he must have wanted to make sure if she might have put it in the coat pocket.

And then Edgar turned back to face Ulysses.

"If Lydia will be saved, then I'll do as you say."

"Huh,what are you saying, Edgar.." sweated Lydia.

"You can kill me or hand me over to Prince, do as you wish. But Lydia had nothing to do with this from the start."

Even if Raven and Ermine themselves didn't have any hopes of getting through this, they didn't show any sign of grief or protest.

It was unknown at what point they arrived, but she saw Paul and members of the Scarlett Moon at the doorway.

The shrinking maze of the goblins must have gathered all the people in it to this place. And Ulysses was planning to gather everyone and kill them.

And yet, Edgar was only asking for Lydia to survive.

"If you would release Lydia out of here, then I'll tell you the location of the diamond."

In other words, he was going to have Lydia, as well as the diamond, escape from here.



"And I should believe you?"

"If you can't trust me, then do as you want. The diamond won't be delivered to the hands of Prince for eternity. Even before, you weren't able to find what I hid."

Lydia suddenly vaguely understood what she had to do if she were able to escape with the precious diamond.

And after that, she was just going to have to negotiate with Ulysses. So that everyone could be saved.

But Lydia wondered if she would be able to do such a thing. What if everyone were to be killed before that?

It was just too much of a dangerous gamble.

To begin with, she wondered if Ulysses would be interested enough to accept that deal. Lydia wondered if she should do as Edgar wanted her to.

Still unable to decide on what she should do, she held her breath and watched at what Ulysses' reaction would be.

"Don't get tricked!"

The voice that abruptly disrupted them was Jimmie who came walking out from Paul's side.

The young boy apparently had came with them let out his voice in a desperate manner.

"Lord, you're being deceived by this witch! She works for the enemy so you shouldn't let her escape while she has the black diamond!"

Jimmy knew that Lydia had the black diamond. And his plea had revealed everything to Ulysses.

Edgar pushed Lydia to hide her behind his back, however, it wasn't Ulysses but Jimmie who came charging towards their direction.

"Give back the Earl's diamond!"

He grabbed ahold of Lydia but his strength was not the power that a normal child could possess.

"Stop it, Jimmie!" shouted Edgar.

The boy was pushed aside and there was a moment of escape but Jimmie picked up a fruit knife that was in the room and held it out while glaring at Lydia.

Ulysses let out his voice in laughter.

"Oh, now I see, so that's it. Jimmie, you are correct. You better kill her for the earl's sake."

"Lydia!"

When she turned at the sound of Edgar's voice, right next to her was Ulysses. He grabbed ahold of Lydia and held her tight so she couldn't move and turned

It was like he was offering her at the target of the knife.

In that instant, Lydia witnessed Jimmie and Ulysses looking at each other and making a grin.

This boy....., he's strange. Maybe he isn't a member of the Scarlett Moon?

Just when she thought that, she noticed that the color of Jimmie's eyes abruptly turned red.

Oh, my god, he isn't human?

her in Jimmie's direction.

It was the red eyes of a demon hound.

"You're...., a Black Dog?" gasped Lydia.

The boy was discovered of his identity and tutted his tongue as he transformed into a dog.

"So you're working for Ulysses!"

The large dog covered with ruffled fur shifted his burning red, creepy eyes at her.

He was a powerful fae that was known to ripe and tear apart humans. What was the way to ward them off?

But Lydia couldn't come up with something, and before she knew it, Ulysses gave out an order to the Black Dog.

"Do it."

Kicking back the ground, the Black Dog jumped high in attack.

There was no way to escape.

In that instant, to Lydia's eyes, there was another black figure that jumped in between them.

A black horse, with a body that was well more enormous than a Black Dog clashed and fought with the dog.

"Kelpie!"

At the collision of powerful magic crashing against each other, Lydia fell back onto Ulysses who was standing beside her. At the same time, her eyes caught a glimpse of a necklace chain dangling out of the pocket of his frockcoat.

It's the white diamond necklace.

Lydia reached her hand out. She grabbed ahold of the necklace as she got up to stand.

Ulysses noticed that and tried to get it back, but Lydia unthinkingly threw it away from him.

There was no one in the direction of where the necklace flew to.

A number of the Scarlett Moon members moved to go pick it up, but someone already managed to get ahold of it ahead of them as he swapped it up.

It was the one more person who had supposedly entered this maze, Marquis Barkston.

Oh, no, that wasn't supposed to go to him.

The marquis dashed out through the exit door.

However, no matter what he did, he wouldn't be able to escape from the maze of the goblins. Perhaps that must have been why no one went running after him.

Kelpie and the Black Dog eyed each other menacingly once more. Breaking the air of tension, the both of them jumped at each other in attack.

Taking that opportunity, Lydia's arm was grabbed by Edgar and she managed to get away from Ulysses' side, but strong winds were created by the tail of the water horse as he was thrashing about and that made Edgar and her both go flying up and banged against the wall.

Just when she came to, Lydia saw someone gray-colored creature come tumbling down right in front of her eyes.

"Nico!"

"C-couldn't he have done that after he let me down....."

The fairy cat wobbled up onto his feet, and from the looks of it, he must have been hanging on to Kelpie's mane but was shaken off.

After he combed down his fur with his claws and fixed his necktie, he looked

over to Lydia.

"Phew, did I make it in time?"

"Nico, where were you all this time?"

"Oh? Would you mind explaining it to her, Earl?"

"More than that, Kelpie,"

The Black Dog who had got back on its feet and let out a threatening low growl over towards Kelpie.

And then he sprinted in attack.

Kelpie evaded the fangs of the Black Dog and sank his teeth into the dog's front legs. He swung the dog up around in the air and thrust him aside.

"Did you think that the likes of a lowly canine like you would be able to match a fae as I?"

It seemed like a bite was taken out of Jimmie as he was slammed up against the wall since his body spurted out a dangerous amount of blood and he momentarily returned to his human boy form, but he apparently went unconscious because his body faded away.

However, Lydia wasn't allowed enough time to relax, as the entire room shook like an earthquake.

The ceiling and walls began to bend and curve and started to make cracking and snapping sounds. It looked like it was going to collapse any second.

"It's unfortunate, Lord, but this doesn't change your defeat."

Even as he said that, Ulysses' mood became foul because his Black Dog was defeated and he stood up.

"I'll have all of you buried along with this place. The two diamonds will have to be dug up after that, but that can't be helped."

After he said that, at the same time his body vanished, they could feel an invisible airy pressure weigh down on them and the glass windows began shattering into pieces.

Lydia's head and body was protected as she was pulled into his arms, but just witnessing small glass shards cut small scars onto Edgar made her nerves shake and cringe.

"O-oh, no,...."

"Does this mean the goblin's tunnel is disappearing?"

"Yeah, that's right. Hey, hand over Lydia. I can take out just one more person."

Kelpie, unbeknownst to her that he had changed into human form, said that to them like it was normal.

"Only one out of all of you. But I don't have any intention of helping anyone else than Lydia."

No one made an objection. Nico was the only one to mumble 'That's too bad." "No!"

Lydia wasn't in any state where she could think straight, so she could only desperately cling onto Edgar.

"I don't want to go just by myself. Kelpie, don't help only me but save everyone!"

"You're asking for the impossible."

"Edgar, don't let me go. Please don't give up yet. You normally don't let go of me no matter what when I ask you, so you'll come to regret it later!"

She didn't know what she was saying herself.

Edgar was confused as to what to do. But he made a small sigh and then cradled her shoulders with his hands.

And then, she suddenly began to feel relieved.

That's right, she thought, there should still be another way.

"Damn it, me alone won't have enough power to open up an exit."

As he said that, Kelpie looked around them.

"Hey, you, seal and bird, can't you use magic?"

He laid his eyes on Ermine and Raven, but they could only respond in confusion.

Ermine had just been revived as a Selkie - a seal fairy - but didn't have the conscious as a fae yet. As for Raven, even if he had a sprite dormant inside him, he was still just a human.

"Damn, all of you are so useless. Any other fairies here....is just a useless cat."

"I was useful. I'm just not fit for strength."

Nico rejected as he stomped on Kelpie's foot, but in return he was lightly bucked and went flying into the air. Since he was a cat, he was able to turn around and land on his feet, but when he stood up-right on his hind legs, he

made a displeased huff with his nose.

Just then, Lydia noticed that the moonstone ring she was wearing was faintly glowing.

It was the moonstone of the guardian fairy of Lord Blue Knight.

"I know, shouldn't there be some magic stored in jewels? I think we could use this."

Kelpie glanced at the ring on Lydia's left hand that she held out towards him and began to think.

"It's most likely going to crumble into pieces."

"It's pointless if we don't survive. Edgar, please take this off."

Lydia asked him since Edgar was the only who had the power to take it off.

However, he only made a hard face and shook his head to the sides.

"I don't intend to annul our engagement."

"Th-that isn't the problem right now!"

"Now and whenever, this ring is the symbol of our love. I can't bear to let it crumble into pieces."

Love he says,oh, you have to be kidding me.

"If you need a jewel, then just use this. If you need magic, it should have plenty."

Saying that, Edgar took out the black diamond from the coat Lydia was wearing.

"What are you saying, that has much more importance to you..."

"Lydia, if it means you'll be taken away from me, didn't I say that I would hand over any diamond to Kelpie."

The black diamond that Edgar threw over and caught by Kelpie looked like it fidgeted for a moment in his hand.

"So you're all right with this, Earl," asked Kelpie.

"Hurry. We don't have time," replied Edgar.

"Well then, don't get dragged in by the Nightmare."

In the next moment, the diamond was shattered and Lydia saw the Nightmare come jumping out of it.

It had the form of a giant black panther.

It darted through the air along with Kelpie who transformed into his horse form

once again.

For an instant, she felt like she saw a small young girl with dark skin riding on its smooth back, but then the Nightmare hadn't drag along anyone with it and headed up into the sky.

Was that, perhaps, Jean?

Could that have been the little black girl that protected the black diamond for Edgar?

Breaking open the ceiling, Kelpie and the Nightmare went galloping into the night sky.

What they saw beyond the ceiling was indeed the night sky.

The stars softly twinkled down to them. It was the dimly clouded night of London.

At the same time, when they felt the cold night breeze blowing in, the pressure that felt like it was about to crush the room and the snapping of the walls and the vibration that nearly shook them off their feet had faded away and stopped. "The exit has opened. We came back to the human world."

As Lydia breathed out in relief, she shivered from the cold wind and her body suddenly wobbled over to the side.

She wasn't able to stand herself up and fell down onto the floor.

Her eyes fell up to the night sky.

She wondered about the reason why Edgar was safe even though he had the cursed diamond with him, and that could have been because Jean's feeling for him was dwelling in it. As that thought crossed her mind, she watched that small, little feeling slip off from the back of the Nightmare and slowly float up into the heavens.

Lydia heard Edgar calling her name and felt his warm arms pick her up and his hand touch her forehead and while hearing everyone's worried voices panic around her, she slowly let her conscious drift away.

Chapter 8 - Silent presentiment - Dearest Fairy

Lydia blacked out from a fever and high temperature and wasn't aware that her father had come racing into the Madam Eve Palace room which returned to the human realm.

Therefore Lydia had no memory of her father, whose character was normally described as extremely gentle, highly carefree and hated to start confrontations with others, snagged her limp body away from Edgar without allowing any claim or objection from him and immediately rushed home.

She also didn't notice that her father had crazy ideas in his head about why she was wearing an Arabian-styled outfit and when Paul paid the Carlton residence a visit to wish her well and tried to explain that Madam Eve Palace was not a harem and Lydia was only there as a fairy doctor, her father wouldn't dare listen to him.

On the third day, her fever finally went down and she was able to let some soup go down through her throat, but all of the troublesome memories and worries were completely gone from her memory and she didn't bother to wonder what had happened after that.

The moonstone, which was supposed to be on her ring finger, was lying on the table by her bedside.

When her father had rushed into the palace, Edgar had secretly slipped it off and had Nico take it home, which also unknown to Lydia, and she was only glad that it had finally come off.

As she was gazing out the window, some tree leaves came flowing in on a breeze.

As she was gazing at that, Kelpie suddenly appeared at her window.

"Hey, Lydia, are you finally able to get up now?"

He lowered himself to slide through the window to enter her room.

"What is the meaning of confining yourself to bed just because of a fever? Isn't

it the London weather that made you sick?"

"I'm fine now."

He came over to Lydia who sat herself up-right and pulled her head into his arms and pressed her up against his chest.

"So your temperature has come down."

He was being quite rough, but when Lydia was pressed up against the water horse, she felt like she was being washed by the streams from the highlands of Scotland.

It cooled her down and she was filled with peaceful relief.

And if it was a fae doing that to her, then the sense that he was the opposite gender disappeared from inside Lydia. That's why she didn't feel any necessity to push away Kelpie, and although it could have just been because she didn't have that must energy, as she remained still as she was.

"Oh, I remember, I was saved thanks to you weren't I. Thank you, Kelpie."

"Huhh? Well, there was the jewel there. More than that, you're being quite the honest one today, aren't you?"

"You think?"

"You normally are more, how do you say it, high-handed when you say thank you, or something like that."

That was because she knew she couldn't show any weakness towards Unseelie Courts like Kelpie.

But when she was dealing this kelpie she thought she could be more relaxed and because her head was still a little dizzy, she wasn't able to think about anything complicated.

Lydia was in a completely vulnerable state.

"Am I not allowed to be honest?"

As Kelpie said, 'well, it is all right,' he combed up his black wavy hair in an unusually embarrassed manner.

"Thank you for listening to my selfish wish. I really do appreciate how you saved everyone."

"Everyone, huh."

When Kelpie stated that he would only save Lydia, she didn't let go of Edgar

even as she refused. Kelpie made that remark in a sarcastic tone after he remembered that, but Lydia didn't notice it at all.

Lydia was glad that everyone was all right from the bottom of her heart and gave Kelpie a childish, pure happy smile.

".....You smile the same way."

"Eh?"

Lydia couldn't have possibly known that the Lydia in the illusion Kelpie had seen by the 'Daydream' and the smile she just made were the same.

"Just because I helped that annoying earl, you go and make a much happier face than when I said I would give you the diamond."

"Th-that's not what this is. It's because I don't care for diamonds..."

"Well, I guess it's all right. Since I feel like I wanted to see you smile anyway."

Kelpie's hand roughly patted Lydia's head and he gave her a grin.

And then, just like that, he disappeared.

At that same time, there was a knock on the door, so he must have gone off because he didn't want to meet anyone.

The housekeeper who opened the door made an unusually respectful, courteous bow.

"Miss, the Duchess Lady Masefield has come to pay you a visit."

The duchess came here herself?

Lydia panicked and rushed to pull on her cardigan and stopped to think if it was right of her to get out of bed or not.

"Oh, Lydia, please remain comfortable as you are. If I made you get up and move about, then there would be no meaning for me to come and wish you well."

"Oh, no, I'm feeling much better than I was.... It's just a cold, anyways."

In the end, Lydia remained sitting up-right in her bed and made a bow to greet the guest.

"I feel honored to be worried by Your Grace."

The duchess seated herself gracefully down in the chair that was pulled back by the housekeeper.

"I was told that your fever wasn't serious enough for me to worry. But, I came

since there was something that was bothering me."

Lydia raised her head and wondered if Edgar had said something unnecessary to the duchess.

"I heard you were taken into the Madam Eve Palace? And you were made to wear clothing like that of a harem woman."

"Huh, it wasn't like I was taken in... There happened to be a mistake."

"But still, a rumor is going around. Didn't one of the rooms in that building get ruined because of a gas pipe explosion?"

Oh, so it was made so that it was a gas pipe that did it, thought Lydia as she gave a nod in reply.

"I hear that there were people who witnessed you being taken out of that building. All of society wants to know who the girl is that was being locked up in a place that is rumored to be a harem palace. Luckily since it was night, no one was able to figure out exactly who it was. But the rumor kept growing and growing, and I don't think that there would be anything that would tie you to it, but this incident is quite serious, do you understand that?"

Even Lydia was feeling cold sweat coming out of her.

That place wasn't a harem under the normal meaning, but society didn't know that. If she were to be in such a place, then it wouldn't be a mysterious for her to be labeled as a prostitute.

It meant that she wouldn't be able to go into marriage.

"I did feel like I am going out-of-bounds, but please let me say this. There was a rumor that the Earl Ashenbert might be previously commuting to that business, but right after this incident, I was visited by Professor Carlton and he wanted some advice in regards about you and the earl, so I connected two and two together with you and the rumor about the Madam Eve Palace."

"My father, came to you?"

"And when I went to talk with the earl, I was told that you had accompanied him as your job as a fairy doctor to that building. I was also told that in the painter Mr. Foreman and the servants of the earl were also in that building, but I thought it was improper of him to bring along a young woman who he was wishing to marry."

"Uh, what exactly was it that my father came for your advice about..."

The duchess leaned her head to the side as if she was troubled to no ends.

"However, since your feelings is also an important factor in this..."

In that instant, Lydia's attention was taken away at the sound of a voice that was coming from the hallway.

She thought she heard her father and Edgar's voice.

It seemed like the two of them were having a dispute at the front door, as their voices was reaching all the way to her room.

Even though she was in the middle of a conversation with the duchess, Lydia went walking over towards the doorway.

It seemed like her father was trying to turn Edgar away.

"I heard that the earl is paying your house a visit everyday. However, he said that Professor Carlton wouldn't allow him to speak his turn."

The duchess also came up to lean against the door and peeked down the stairs like a small little girl, eaves-dropping on someone else's conversation.

In that spot, the two of them fell silent to hear what was being spoken.

"No, Lord Earl, I feel very sorry to have to say this, but I am in no condition to have a calm and straight conversation with you at the moment. I feel like I might commit some kind of terrible disrespect, so please, I ask for you to return home for today."

It was quite rare for her father to be this stubborn, and because of that, it made Lydia realize how graze and serious ill effects the rumor of the harem might fall onto her.

"Will you allow me to hear about Miss Carlton's condition?" requested Edgar.

"Her temperature has finally gone down. So there is nothing more for you to worry about."

"I am terribly sorry for what happened."

She wasn't able to see the two of them from the second floor but could catch sight of two dim shadowy figures casted up against the wall, but from that, she could tell that Edgar had bowed his head down to her father which made Lydia be filled with an indescribable feeling.

"There is no reason for you to apologize to us. Since Lydia only did her job from

her sense of responsibility."

"No, there was fault on my part as well."

"Well, yes, beside her sickness, for you to take along Lydia to such a disreputable place like that, Lord Earl, you are most definitely irresponsible."

"Yes, I would like to apologize about that as well."

"This is dealing with my daughter's future. I am not aware of how you normally interact with your female acquaintances. Whether your partner is already married or unwed, I am sure you are aware of how to smartly take care of this sort of situation. Since nobles are adept at covering up their scandals. I have heard stories of how some families settle their affairs by marrying off the woman to some random man, but do you plan to do the same kind of thing to Lydia as well?"

"Professor, I give my word to you that I have not done any shameless act against her."

You not completely innocent about that, thought Lydia for a bit.

"Yes, that may be so. This is just my imagination. No, you may be considering this as dishonorable. That is why I said I may say something rude.... Ahh, let us stop now. There is no meaning for the two of us to continue talking."

"No, Professor, your worry is natural. But, I...."

"I trusted Lydia, I trusted she wouldn't be caught with your baits of sweet words and that's why I hadn't butted my mouth in what was going on. But if things like this happen, I cannot help but think that Lydia is still a child and her awareness is naive and that you are still too young to think about other's positions."

Before she knew it, Lydia was tightening her whole body.

No, that's not it, it isn't Edgar's fault.

He had been trying to not get Lydia involved with Madam Eve Palace.

Just like her father said, Lydia was just a child and she was thinking about everything too simply.

"I need Lydia and there is no mistake that I have been open about my feelings towards her, but to be described that I try to bait her with sweet-talk is disrespect. If she would become willing, I wish to....."

"Please don't say anything more. I don't want to hear it and don't want to think about it. It is difficult for me to trust you."

Edgar went silent.

To bring up such a topic in this situation was just going to backfire.

There was silence for a while, but then her father opened his mouth as if he had grown tired.

"Please let Lydia take rest from work."

"What does that mean?"

"I will return her to Scotland. Lord Earl, is Lydia facing danger only as a fairy doctor?"

Edgar was troubled with how to answer and when she thought he was about to agree to her father's proposal, Lydia was unable to remain in her spot any further.

She didn't think before dashing down the stairs.

"Father, you're wrong. It wasn't Edgar's fault. I went on my own to the Palace!" Lydia's legs were about to wobble underneath her and she nearly fell down, but her father rushed to steady her.

"I am so sorry. I was the one who is to blame. I was made to wear that weird outfit by a fairy and it had nothing to do with Edgar. Edgar was trying to send me back home, but when I found out that there was an evil fairy, I decided on my own that it was my job and stayed there."

Lydia desperately appealed to her father.

"Edgar did nothing wrong. So don't accuse him. Please...."

"Ahh, all right, Lydia. But now you should acknowledged that you are still inexperienced, haven't you? Even if you continue your job as a fairy doctor, if you are going to put people through worry and cause them trouble, you're still a child."

And then he turned towards Edgar.

"My lord, you would think the same, wouldn't you? You would want Lydia to grow up a bit more, and then work for you."

Edgar looked like he was thinking that over and gazed over to Lydia sadly, and he appeared like he was having difficulty in coming up with an objection to her father's suggestion.

Lydia walked over towards Edgar. Her mind was in chaos. She was emotional unbalanced and didn't know what she was crying about.

She only knew that she was terribly frightened to be told that she was unneeded by Edgar.

"Edgar, you don't need me anymore? Are you saying that I should go home? Well, yes, I am inexperienced. And I caused you trouble. If Kelpie wasn't there, then everything wouldn't have turned out all right, and the jewel had ended up being broken. But I did my best.Don't say you don't need me."

"Lydia....."

His fingers brushed against Lydia's cheek and dried away her tears. She didn't feel like it was wrong to have him do that.

"Professor, I have the feeling like Miss Carlton isn't that much of a child," interrupted the duchess as she quietly came down the stairs.

"There are endless numbers of adults who become so concentrated with their work that they are unable to pay any attention to other things."

Her father was exactly that sort of person and he scratched his head in not knowing what to say.

The duchess kindly smiled over to Lydia and Edgar.

"Lord Earl, what will you do?"

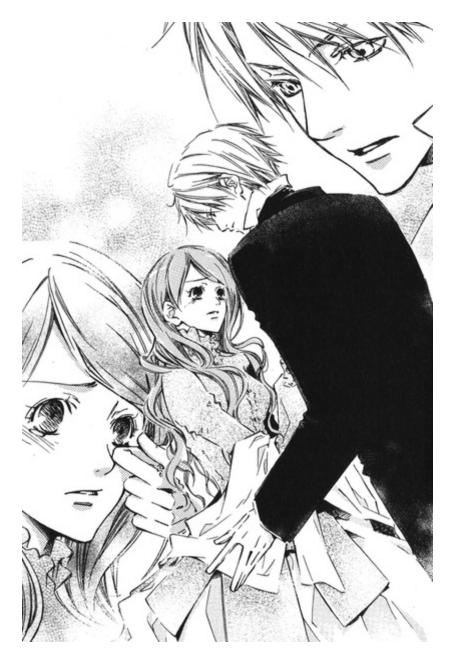
He looked over to Lydia, who was peering up to him nervously and he loosened up the tightness in his cheeks like he was relieved and took her hand into his.

"If I don't have you with me, I'm sure to go wrong."

Maybe because she was relieved, Lydia felt the strength go out of her body. As she leaned up against Edgar's arm, she started to think that maybe she might have said something that was completely out of place.

It's because of my headache, that's right. Right now I'm not in a normal state of mind.

"I would feel bad if Miss Carlton's fever came back again. Lord Earl, would you mind letting her get some rest?"



"Yes, excuse me, Professor."

Her father nodded back in a somewhat dazed manner, and Edgar offered his arm to Lydia and helped her walk up the stairs.

"Were you trying to make the earl agree that Miss Carlton should go back to Scotland? That is quite malicious for you Professor."

The duchess giggled like she found it hilarious.

Carlton slumped his head in self-loathe.

"Anyone would become malicious. To have your own daughter cry like that, it's like I'm the villain."

"For a man and woman who have fallen in love, it's natural for the father to become the villain. But you should know that from your own experience."

"That's.....quite an earache."

He was someone who had eloped and married his wife and was prepared to fall into the position where he wouldn't be able to complain anything about who

Lydia chose, but he realized that unexpectedly, he wasn't able to accept his defeat with grace.

But, fallen in love? Lydia and the Earl? Carlton thought he couldn't acknowledge that.

"The Earl just sees Lydia as different and not the same type that he is used to meeting."

"That may be true. For now."

For now, huh.

"I apologize for ruining it even though you came to me for advice in how to make her end her job in working for the earl as peacefully as possible."

"No, I was unable to back myself out of what I was saying, I might have nearly gone and seriously hurt Lydia's feelings."

As Carlton said that, he looked over to the stairs that the earl was walking down.

The young man didn't stay long in Lydia's bed chamber and seeing as he came back down quickly, it could be interpreted that he was paying his respects to her welfare.

This was a country where the average height was different according to the classes. Normally, nobles were all thin and smart, but he was exceptionally different.

If it was a normal young woman, there was no way that she wouldn't become dazed if he were to approach her, and Lydia should share the same sense as any other young woman.

I want to be with someone like father, she says?

It wasn't like he completely believed her words, but Carlton couldn't help but think that was just an illusion.



It was three days later when Lydia fully recovered and returned to work at her office at the Ashenbert mansion.

To tell the truth, the more Lydia's health recovered, the more she was filled with regret at the extremely selfish and childish things she said to Edgar.

Remembering at what she said: don't say you don't need me, was enough to

make her twist and turn in embarrassment.

She wondered if Edgar remembered what she said. She hoped that he excused it as blabbering nonsense from a recovering, sick patient.

Anyhow, it was a bother to commute to work because of what she said, but her work should be pilling up by now, and after she defended Edgar so much like that, she wasn't able to tell her father that she didn't want to go to work, so she left her house for work as energetically as possible.

However, after Lydia had locked herself in her office, she let out a heavy sigh.

"Young Miss, you shouldn't wear such light and thin clothing like that again."

The Coblynau spoke to her in a nonchalant tone.

"The Earl had also remarked that he had no intention of forcing his tastes of fashion onto you."

Oh, and just when the cause of all the problems was because of you little fairy.

"Oi, Lydia, take a look at this."

Nico held out the newspaper for her to see.

Just as usual, Nico had arrived to the Ashenbert mansion earlier than she did, and was enjoying his cup of tea served by Tomkins.

Before she knew it, it seemed like the Coblynau had become his tea-drinking friend as well.

"What is it, another ridiculous gossip article?"

"It's the Times."

She walked over to Nico and inspected one side of the newspaper he handed to her and read the largely printed words of 'Daydream' on it.

Lydia couldn't help but inspect it.

Eight years ago, there was an one-hundred caret jewel that belonged to the Royal Family that was burglarized while being transported from Rome to England, this diamond, 'Daydream,' was apparently delivered to the Buckingham Palace.

In the letter delivered along with it, a confession was written from the culprit who stole the jewel during that transportation, and it read that the culprit had a personal grudge against the Duke of Sylvainford who was entrusted with the duty and responsibility to bring back the diamond to England.

In the article, the culprit's identity remained a mystery, but Lydia spotted a completely different article in the corner of the paper, about the news Marquis Barkston's death due to an accident.

An explosion while he was cleaning his hunting rifle? That was impossible.

When the marquis made his escape with the white diamond, even Raven and Ermine didn't hunt after him.

Perhaps Edgar had already made a bargain with the marquis.

It might have not been a cute little thing like a trade. Edgar would position himself higher than others, get ahold of their weakness, take control over them and knew how to make them do as he wanted.

When he controlled people, most likely, he turns himself into a king, or a god.

Not only did the marquis return the diamond, but if he also took his own life, and Edgar - who caused the man to go that far - might really be a different person from who Lydia knew.

She wondered if it was a good idea for her to remain here.

However, Lydia thought in the corner of her mind that that wasn't the real Edgar.

"Good morning, Lydia."

Oh, lord, he's here!

Since Nico made her look at this article, she wasn't able to put on her normal face that she had been practicing all morning long, and so Lydia turned around with an expression that obviously revealed that she was taken aback to see him. "Are you feeling well now?" he asked.

"Y-yes..." she replied.

He came unnecessarily right up next to her, and took her hands into his much more casual than he usually did.

"It was so much pain that I couldn't see you for so long."

We met three days ago.

"Let me see your face more closely."

He softly combed her hair to the sides and the palm of his hand rested against

her cheek.

Wait a minute; he sure isn't holding himself back than he usually does today?

But when he narrowed his ash mauve eyes and gave her a gentle, warm smile, Lydia didn't know how to respond.

"My Lydia, thank you for coming back."

"Y-you're welcome."

She was so embarrassing, that she turned her eyes away.

"When you said that you wanted to stay by my side, do you know how happy you made me?"

Oh, he did remember. Or more like, this man would never let that kind of remark fly by.

He pulled Lydia's hand he was holding towards his body and wrapped his arms around her, which made Lydia go stiff and send her into disarray.

He placed his arms around Lydia's waist and peered down to her intimately close. She didn't know how she should respond, and didn't want to touch his body as much as possible, so she was only able to hold onto his morning coat.

"I never said that I wanted to be by your side."

She caught the smell of a freshly washed shirt.

When Lydia realized that, she wasn't aware that the fragrance of dried chamomile potpourri she used for herself would transfer onto him.

"But that was what you meant, didn't it?"

"No...."

He wasn't mistaken, but he was wrong.

"We're finally share love for each other. We need to hurry and make our engagement official and press the preparations for our marriage."

Oh, this is bad. If she allowed him get carried on, then it wouldn't be long before he made a barrier wall around her so she wasn't give any way to escape. Lydia fell into a panic and put all her strength in pushing him away.

"You're wrong, I still had work left over as a fairy doctor, so I couldn't allow myself to go back to Scotland, that's all! I-I wasn't being my normal self at that time. My temperature had just gone down and my head was feeling drowsy and I was emotional unstable and I don't really remember what I had really said at

that time...."

"You don't remember? That you said you wanted to marry me and cried to your father that if he didn't allow our marriage, then you would elope with me. You already offered me your lips, so you won't be able to find another man to marry you...."

"I would never say such a thing like that!"

"See, you do remember."

Oh, I can't take this anymore.

".....I never allowed you my lips. You were the one who said that wasn't a kiss."

"I see. So next time I find an opportunity, I won't hold back."

She thought her fever might come back again.

Edgar snickered at Lydia who turned bright red, and guided her to a chair.

"I'm sorry, please don't get angry. It wasn't like I was teasing you."

His next move is to try and act all modest?

"At that time, when you defended me and said I wasn't to blame, I wanted to believe that perhaps, maybe, even for a little bit, that my one-sided feelings for you wasn't one-sided."

He made himself appear lonely and deserted in order to catch her attention.

"Was it my complete imagination? If it wasn't, then at least, would you forgive me and allow me to kiss a lock of your hair."

I'm not going to be tricked by something like that....

Even as Lydia thought that, she remained still even as Edgar, who was peering down into her eyes, had scooped up a palm of her hair.

When his lips didn't touch her hair but touched the hairline of her forehead, she knew she was tricked, but when he gave her a happy smile he still looked a little lonely, so she decided not to make a fuss about it anymore.

He should have achieved his goal just as he hoped, but to Lydia's eyes, Edgar appeared hurt and painful the more he fought.

"I saw Jean."

At Lydia's sudden remark, Edgar tilted his head to the side slightly.

"Inside the black diamond, a fraction of her feelings for you.... She must have really loved you. And that wasn't because you had taken control over her heart or didn't force her to take her life, but just simply because, even though she was so young, she wanted to protect the person she loved."

He smiled, in a lonely, but peaceful way. Lydia felt her heart thump a loud beat, but she continued on so that it wouldn't distract her attention.

"And another thing, about Jimmy, I'm sorry I didn't realize about him even though I am a fairy doctor."

"I should have been the one to realize it. But to tell you the truth, I was relieved that he wasn't a helpless child who was captured by Ulysses."

Putting that aside, Lydia felt honestly relieved that the reason the young boy had been picking a fight with her was because he was working for Ulysses.

But just because he pricked at what she had a complex about and that resulted in her not being able to make a rash decision, proved that she was an inexperienced fairy doctor and take some time to reflect about that.

"Slade and other members of the Scarlett Moon were all caught in the magic spell of the fairy and claimed that they thought the young boy had been with them for a long time, so I think that means we need to be more careful. At any rate, the reason we were taken advantage of was because our alliance was weak, but thanks to him, sort of speak, we will be able to step up and compromise to each other from now on."

"But Edgar, the thing I'm a little bothered about is even though the black diamond is gone, there still is a chance the Nightmare spirit is still alive. There are times when creatures born from a jewel that stowed up power would continue to live on as a spirit."

"Does Ulysses also know about that?" asked Edgar.

"Yes, I'm sure," replied Lydia.

"So that means, perhaps Prince's target wasn't the jewel itself, but the nightmare which was growing inside it."

The white diamond 'Daydream' will surely be safely stored in the Royal Family's Jewel House. However the demon from the black diamond might fall into the hands of Ulysses.

"But I have my good luck fairy."

Again, he played around with a lock of Lydia's hair.

I wonder why I'm still hanging around with this person.

When she thought hard, she realized that the incident she just went through should have been the golden chance for her to escape from Edgar.

Just until a little while ago, there were moments when she'd wish she could return back to Scotland.

And yet, Lydia wasted that chance on her own.

In regards to her job, she was aware that her job was just one reason and not the whole reason.

Why....

Lydia leaned her body back to retrieve her hair, but the lock of her hair that fluttered down on her chest appeared like it was longing for the touch of his hand.

Prince had sent Ulysses to England, and apparently tried to start building a foundation for himself in the field of magic.

To allow Edgar to live or to kill him is probably not the most important mission for Ulysses right now.

But if it became top priority, to go against Ulysses - who is able to control fairies - then Lydia's help and support was going to be absolutely needed from now on.

But Edgar was feeling anxiety about that.

Since he didn't have any ability to counteract or fight with fairies and magic.

Be dragged into a goblin's maze or another dimension or whatever that was, the only one who was able to rescue Lydia in the end was Kelpie.

Fairy doctors are professionals who win the aid of fairies by constructing a trust-based relationship in order to solve all kinds of different problems. Lydia described herself as inexperienced, but she was a girl who had an alliance with a kelpie, so wouldn't that mean she was a remarkable fairy doctor?

As for Edgar, he felt that it wasn't Kelpie who saved them, but in fact, it was thanks to Lydia's knowledge and courage as a fairy doctor.

However, it was also true that he was started to feel hesitance in continuing to rely on Lydia.

"Raven, do you think that I will be able to protect Lydia?"

Edgar, who was thinking to himself alone in his office, asked Raven who happened to enter to deliver a wad of letters.

"I don't want to sacrifice Lydia. But I want her to stay by my side. I need her ability as a fairy doctor, but more than that, I feel at ease when she is with me. I feel I can finally peacefully breathe as never before when I'm by Lydia's side. That's why I didn't stop to try anything I could so she would become mine."

Raven was listening in the same spot he was standing in, and was just as lost as Edgar on his feelings that Edgar himself wasn't able to figure out.

"Lydia gives me what I need. But then, what is it that I can give her? If I have her stay by my side, it will only bring her danger. I don't have confidence that I can make her happy, and to begin with, there isn't any guarantee that I'll have a decent future ahead of me, and yet, to wish to marry her would be too selfish of me, wouldn't it. Even if I try to convince myself that, I don't have the courage to let her go. I don't know what I should do."

Edgar gushed out all of his feelings, regardless if Raven was able to understand or not.

The duchess, Lady Masefield had told him when he left the Carlton house. That she had come to try and convince Edgar to let Lydia go free. But since Lydia had protested that she still wanted to work at the Ashenbert house, the duchess had convinced the professor.

"When I thought Lydia might have started to grow a little bit of romantic feelings towards me, I was happy but also scared. Because I realized I hadn't been considering my responsibility as a man for Lydia all this time."

"Lord Edgar, I will do my fullest. I promise to protect Miss Carlton as well, so please do not sacrifice your wish."

At Raven's unexpectedly reply, Edgar lifted his face up in surprise.

"Was there ever a time when I sacrificed my own wish?"

"Now that I think about it, there might have been a time when you did. Did you not give up falling in love with someone so that you would be able to fight? If you were to give up Miss Lydia, then that would be the same."

"I thought that I had romantic feelings for quite a number of women."

"All of them did not last long."

"That's because, my affairs were brought into the light and other things happened..."

As he said that, the reason he had been repeating the same relationship pattern, might have been because there was a part of him which felt relief when his lover would leave him.

If that lover were to stay by his side, then something irremediable might happen.

"Ohhh-," breathed out Edgar, letting out a deep sigh.

"-it might be exactly as you say."

Why, the only one who isn't able to grow up at all might be Edgar.

He looked down through the window to see Lydia, who had stepped out into the garden and started to pick some herbs, which made Edgar, now of all times, realize that he was starting to feel apprehensive in getting her involved.

Credits

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